

Birth of An English Prince Who Will Be a German Ruler: Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

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THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914

One Halfpenny.

POIRET FASHION-MAKING AGAIN: WOMEN TO LOOK LIKE PHARAOH'S DAUGHTERS.



Mme. Paule Rolle as Touny.



This is how Poiret wants modern women to dress.



Mme. Paule Andral as Bacchus.



Costumes for Milles. Legéay, Moriane and Delisle.



Dance in a garden (Poiret in circle).



Procession of women in single file (a tableau).

M. Poiret is evidently determined to embroil Paris in another fierce fashions controversy, and it is thought that the Frenchwomen's Patriotic League, who are conducting a campaign against the "indecent" way the modern woman clothes herself, will be up in arms against him. It was Poiret who thrust upon us the harem skirt and other extravagances, and now he has designed the dresses for "Aphrodite," the production of

which last night was one of the events of the Paris season. It is expected that these dresses will have a great influence on the fashions, with the result that the earth will look as though it were peopled by the daughters of Pharaoh. The play is adapted from the novel of M. Pierre Louys by M. Pierre Frondaie, who fought a duel about the piece last week.—(Walery.)

**The great Spring Dish!—
BIRD'S Custard and Rhubarb,
is full of health and nutriment!**

THERE is more BIRD'S Custard and Rhubarb eaten each spring, because more people learn how good it is for them.

This dish combines the tonic properties of the Rhubarb (which awaken appetite and invigorate the system) with the body-building nutriment of delicious BIRD'S Custard.

Have it to-day! There is no spring dish so welcome as Rhubarb with—

Bird's
the Perfect
CUSTARD.

In Pkts. 2 for 1½d, Boxes 4d & 7½d,
LARGE 8½d Tins.



As good as an extra Servant

The British Vacuum Cleaner saves endless labour, worry and trouble in the home. The housework is finished in half the time. There are no clouds of dust floating about, no rooms turned upside down. The

BRITISH
Vacuum Cleaner

sucks the dust out of Carpets, Curtains and Furniture, disturbs nothing and leaves everything fresh and clean.

Send us a postcard and our agent will demonstrate one free in your own home. It costs nothing to have the demonstration and there is no obligation to purchase. State whether you wish to see a hand or an electric model.

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SELFRIDGE'S

**Fifth Anniversary
Celebrations.**

TO-DAY IS LADIES' DAY.

TO mark our warm sympathy with the splendid charity on behalf of which a great number of ladies will give their energies to-day beneath our roof, we devote three full-page cartoons by Mr. S. E. Scott, illustrative of Charity, together with a list of the ladies' names, in the "Daily Telegraph," the "Daily Mail," and the "Paris Daily Mail."

In addition we publish interesting letters from Dr. Kaempf, President of the German Reichstag, Prince Guido Henckel von Donnersmark, Mr. Plowden, Mr. Max Pemberton, and "Saki," together with cartoons by Messrs. Raven Hill, Edmund Sullivan, H. Pizar, and F. Gardner, in the "Daily Express," "Daily Chronicle," "Daily News," "Daily Graphic," and the "Standard."

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OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

Look at Fido!

He seems worried. He knows he's not going to get any of the new Chocolate Lily Caramels. They never come his way—they're too nice! Delicious cream and sugar and almonds with a coating of lovely Chccolate.

CLARNICO
Lily Caramels

Ask for the New Chocolate Ones. Your guarantee is the name "Clarnico" on the bottom of each caramel.

Made by Clarke, Nickolls & Coombs, Ltd., London.



ZOG IT OFF

Just a little—quite a little Zog on a wet cloth, rub it over the dirty paint, then wash off with a clean damp

the "pounds" the painters would cost.

leather; that is all, and your paint will be as fresh as new. Surely it is worth while spending a "few pence" to save

Sold everywhere by the best Grocers, Oilmen, Ironmongers, Chemists, and Stores, in tins of convenient size, at 2/6, 1/-, 6d., 3d. and 2d. (large sizes are more economical.) ZOG, Ltd., LONDON, E. USED IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

Zog Cleans Paint

WOMAN'S FEAR OF EXPOSURE BY SECRET DOCUMENTS?

Enigma of Mme. Caillaux's
Shots to Silence Her
Husband's Enemy.

CABINET CRISIS.

Scandal Revived by Letter Produced
by Ex-Premier.

A secret document, a woman with a revolver, her frenzied shooting of her husband's accuser—these are the raw melodramatic incidents in the great political drama, of which the French Cabinet is now the centre.

That amazing tragedy in the offices of the *Figaro*, where M. Calmette fell riddled with bullets at the feet of Mme. Caillaux, wife of the "strong man" of the French Cabinet, has made a Ministry totter.

The secret document referring to the almost forgotten Rochette crash is arousing as much interest as the famous bordereau in the Dreyfus case. Did Mme. Caillaux kill M. Calmette to prevent him from publishing it?

Sensational theories of a woman's intrigue are being published in Paris, and it is even suggested that Mme. Caillaux struck at the ex-Premier's enemy to win back her husband's love.

With dramatic effect the document, though believed to be a myth, was produced by M. Barthou, the ex-Premier, in the French Chamber of Deputies, causing tremendous uproar.

It contains the statement that M. Caillaux, Minister of Finance, exerted pressure to have the Rochette case postponed for his own ends.

ATTENDED BY MAID IN CELL.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 18.—The burial of M. Calmette, late editor of the *Figaro*, will take place on Friday at the Batignolles Cemetery.

Mme. Caillaux, after a fairly good night at the women's prison of St. Lazare, rose to-day at 9.30. She took a light breakfast, and was assisted to dress by a maid specially appointed by the prison authorities.

Her luncheon, ordered from a restaurant, consisted of a grilled steak, vegetables, cheese, wine and coffee.

She is not being treated as an ordinary prisoner, and has been provided with an enamel stove, a carpet and a lamp. The Governor has lent her a rug to take the place of the grey coverlet generally provided for prisoners.

Cell No. 12, in which she is confined, is one that has been occupied by Louise Michel, Mme. Humbert, Mme. Ferelli and Mme. Steinheil.

Prison regulations were further relaxed when M. Caillaux called on his wife in the afternoon, the interview, by the Governor's permission, taking place not in the prison parlour, but in the Governor's office. M. Caillaux kissed his wife, but there were no tears, no recriminations, and neither betrayed any signs of excessive emotion.

A curious explanation of Mme. Caillaux's tragic act has been given by a barrister who knew the couple intimately.

According to him M. Caillaux was about to divorce Mme. Caillaux—his third wife. She was very fond of her husband, and by some means or other gained knowledge of his intention. The *Figaro* campaign against her husband had caused her intense suffering.

It is alleged that her husband had bought back for £28,000 two letters written to his first wife, but they had been photographed before he obtained possession of them, and the *Figaro* published extracts from one of them.

The second letter, it is alleged, contained observations about the Republican regime, which may be rendered thus: "I don't care twence about the Republic. The only thing that counts is money."

If M. Calmette published this letter M. Caillaux's career was at an end, so, at least, Mme. Caillaux is stated to have believed.

MAN OF MILLIONS WHO FLED.

One of the earliest of the almost daily attacks on M. Caillaux in the *Figaro* had reference to the Rochette case.

The charge was made that M. Caillaux exerted pressure on the Judges to postpone the trial of the financier, Henri Rochette, enabling him to fly to Mexico.

Rochette's career was one of the romances of crime. He has been called the "French Whittaker Wright."

Once a messenger boy, he built up an immense banking business by the time he was thirty-two and employed over 700 clerks.

In 1908 the crash came and Rochette was arrested. The extent of his frauds, mainly on poor people, was alleged to be £3,000,000.

He was sentenced in 1910 to two years' imprisonment, but appealed against the judgment.

In December, 1912, when he should have appeared before the Court of Appeal, he had fled from France, forfeiting £28,000 bail.

"HERE IS THE LETTER."

The text of the document dealing with the Rochette case and the dramatic circumstances in which it was produced by M. Barthou during the debate in the Chamber are recounted by Reuter. From this report it seems certain that M. Monis, who was then Prime Minister, and who was acting

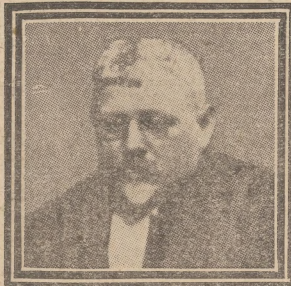
(Continued on page 4.)



Mme. Caillaux's favourite portrait.



M. Fabre.



Maitre Labori.

Maitre Labori, Dreyfus's famous counsel, is to defend Mme. Caillaux, who killed M. Gaston Calmette, the editor of the *Figaro*. M. Fabre is the Public Prosecutor and figures in the present grave political crisis.

NIAGARA FALLS PEACE BRIDGE.



The centenary of peace between Great Britain and the United States is to be commemorated in various ways. This is the bridge that is to be built at Niagara Falls in honour of the event.

DONKEY'S EVIDENCE.



"I wish that witness were not subpoenaed every day," said the magistrate at West Ham, when this donkey brayed outside the court.

ONE "SIGHT" OPEN.



Though picture galleries and other "sights" of London are closed, thanks to the suffragettes, there is one place that is open.

HUSBAND WHO LEFT WIFE A SHILLING.

"Walloping Down the Brandies"
Incident in Will Suit.

TAXICAB JOY RIDE.

Remarkable evidence regarding a man's mania for taxicab rides and forgetting, and of an occasion when he was said to have been "walloping down the brandies and sodas," was given in a will case before Sir Samuel Evans yesterday.

The action concerned the £7,700 estate of the late Mr. Daniel Nathaniel Osmont, of Harringay, a retired builder, who died last May.

Plaintiffs (the executors) propounded a will and codicil dated March 6, 1913, by which he left his wife only 1s. Before he died, it was stated, testator had instituted proceedings for divorce against his wife, but the case was never heard owing to his death.

Defendants, Mr. William Osmont, a brother, and Mrs. Florence Osmont (the widow) opposed the documents on the ground that testator was not of sound mind owing to chronic alcoholism, and they set up a will of August, 1912, under which the widow received £50, Mr. William Osmont being the residuary legatee. Under the 1913 will the residue went to the children of testator's dead brother Robert.

MANIA FOR BETTING.

Mr. M. J. Jarvis, solicitor, one of the plaintiffs, gave evidence of the making of the will of August 12, and the subsequent documents in March, 1913. He said he had known the testator since boyhood.

Counsel: When making the will of 1912, did he say anything of what he intended to do with his wife?—Yes; he said he was going to cut her off with a shilling.

Did he give any reason?—Yes, he said she was living with a man named Mitchell, that Mitchell was wearing his ring and clothes, that his wife had gone off and taken away all the furniture, and taken down his father's likeness and left it upside down on the mantelpiece. He was very upset.

He had a "perfect mania for horse-racing," the witness stated, and in order to protect him the witness suggested he should open a joint account with someone, so that he could not draw a cheque for betting without somebody knowing.

Mr. Samuel Child, a builder, told how he lent the deceased money during the litigation concerning the father's will. Testator's valet was known as "Winkle."

On March 5, 1913, when testator gave instructions for the will and codicil, he was perfectly sober and quite capable. After the will business was done, testator said: "Now I am going to have a day out."

They hired a taxicab and went to various public-houses. At the New Inn, Waltham Cross, the testator said to witnesses, "You go and look at the pictures," and while witness was looking at them, he (testator) was "walloping down the brandies and sodas."

The hearing was adjourned.
(Photographs on page 8.)

MAN SHOT AT EMPIRE.

Scene with a Girl—"Hope This Will Be a Lesson to You."

A young man in evening dress, named Richard Connor, shot himself when in the company of a girl at the Empire Theatre, Leicester-square, just before ten o'clock last evening.

He was removed to the Charing Cross Hospital in a critical condition, and it was found necessary to operate on him at once.

An eye-witness said: "The man and girl were occupying seats close to me, and were sitting together in an animated manner. Suddenly the man pulled a revolver from his pocket and cried: 'I hope this will be a lesson to you. You have driven me to this!' Then he shot himself."

The shooting took place in the second circle, where the man and girl were sitting drinking at a table in the bar. The crowded house was enjoying to the full the motor-omnibus scene in the revue, "Nuts and Wine," when a shot rang out. There was confusion and excitement among the people who were near, and waiters rushed to help the falling man.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR HIT BY STONE

PARIS, March 18.—As Mr. Balfour and Mr. A. F. Wilding were motorcycling from Cannes to Nice to-day Mr. Balfour was struck in the face by some stones and received a nasty gash two inches long, extending from the bridge of the nose on the left to the left eye.

It is thought that the stones may have been thrown by children who were amusing themselves by "potting" at passing motor-cars.

Mr. Wilding said afterwards that only the skin was broken. They called at a chemist's shop, and after the wound had been dressed drove on to Nice, Mr. Balfour saying he was quite able to play.

Mr. Balfour's appearance naturally caused much comment on the tennis ground, but he treated the matter lightly. "It is not worth making much of," he said.

In reply to other questions he stated that he was leaving Cannes to-night and by to-morrow evening would be in London.

MR. ALFRED BUTT'S DOUBLE POST.

Mr. Alfred Butt, it was announced last night, has with the acquiescence of the directors of the Palace Theatre, accepted an invitation to become managing director of the Empire Theatre.

LONDON'S GAME OF WIFE BEATING.

American Author's Indictment of English Life.

LIVING ON YANKEES.

That London is a suburb of the lower regions and America a branch establishment of heaven is the purport of a book, recently published, by Mr. George W. Hills, of Philadelphia.

He visited England, and his book, "John Bull, Limited," is the outcome of his visit.

If his observations are correct, domestic life in Park-lane and other aristocratic streets must be a heavy burden for the women.

This is what he writes:—
The striking of English women with the English fist is of so common occurrence that but little notice is taken of such instances, even by the law. Among the upper social strata this primitive method of dealing with their women-kind is a frequent pastime of John Bull and a fruitful source of domestic unhappiness and general gloom.

The state of England's women workers calls forth pathetic words from him.

No wonder that the old world looks longingly toward the new through the moist and grateful eyes of its tired and hapless female followers.
To most of them America and heaven are synonymous, and either name is suggestive of a happiness, peace and rest unknown in the Eastern hemisphere.

In the matter of money he finds us sadly dependent on American dollars. These are his words:—

The money spent in London by visiting Americans has more than once saved a depressed London season from collapse, and London tradesmen from financial disaster. It is to "Yankee" money that the London and other great English festivals owe largely their financial success, and it is to American money that the great hotels, theatres, and practically London itself, with ready money during the season of travel.

NO STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

He brings a fierce indictment against London hotels—being embittered, it appears, because he could not get a proper American strawberry shortcake. That fault has now been remedied in two hotels to which Mr. Hills gave the recipe—and the chance of vast profits.

Although England boasts food ambrosial, nowhere within her borders have I ever been able to find a proper American strawberry shortcake.

There are two hotels in London that now serve strawberry shortcake as is American in the strawberry season. I gave them the recipe, and the fame thereof has crowned those hostesses with much enduring high repute and exceeding profit.

The joy of return to "God's own country" was the greatest pleasure he got from his visit.
"To travel is good for the soul," he writes, "and even if it has no other broadening effect there is compensation in the pride and mighty gladness that pervades every fibre of an American as he returns once more to 'God's own country'—a land compared it with the effete and mouldering institutions of the Old World."

SMILING PRINCESS'S SON.

BRUNSWICK, March 18.—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Brunswick, the only daughter of the German Emperor, gave birth to a son at five o'clock this morning. The Duchess and the infant Prince are doing well.—Reuter.

To celebrate the event, says the Central News, the Duke of Brunswick has given £1,500 to the poor.

Prince Ernest Augustus, son of the Duke of Cumberland, was married to Princess Victoria Louise, Germany's "smiling princess," on May 24 last year. The wedding, it was hoped, would heal the historic breach between the Guelphs and the Hohenzollerns. (Photographs on page 9.)

FOUR MEN BURIED BY WALL.

Four men were killed yesterday and several others were injured by the collapse of a wall at Margate West Station.

Some labourers were underpinning a buttress wall which carries a bridge across All Saints-road, when a heavy gust of wind caused the concrete masonry to collapse.

Three men, named Russ, Goldfinch and Peal, were killed outright, while the foreman of the works, Mr. Whitmore, died later in hospital.

ORCHARD DRAMA.

The fate of a lonely bachelor, named Thomas Roberts, who was found dying on the grass in an orchard at Carmo, a Montgomeryshire village, is to be further investigated at a second inquest, which, it was announced yesterday, will probably open next week.

No evidence was given at the first inquest suggesting anything but a natural cause of death, and the verdict was that Mr. Roberts had died from heart disease.

Certain questions, however, were raised in the district which were eventually referred to the police authorities and the Treasury. It was felt that a post mortem examination should be made, and Mr. Roberts' grave in the village churchyard was opened on Tuesday, January 6.

The body was examined and certain organs removed for examination and analysis by Dr. Wilcox, the Home Office expert.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Gusty winds from westerly points; showery and cool; some bright intervals.
Lightning-up time: 7.8 p.m. High-water at London Bridge, 7.31 p.m.
LONDON OBSERVATIONS, Holborn Circus, City, 6 p.m.: Barometer, 29.40 in.; rising unsteadily; temperature, 43 deg.; wind, S.W., equally at times; weather, showery. See passages will continue rough.

TREASURE IN THE LIGHT

Sparkling Hoard of Jewels Dug Up in the City on Show at Stafford House.

A wonderful hoard of jewels has come into the possession of the trustees of the London Museum.

It has not yet been seen by the public, but when the doors of Stafford House, the new home of the museum, are opened next Monday, the collection is certain to create a sensation.

Two years ago during rebuilding operations in the heart of the City, a wooden casket was dug up beneath the surface of a cellar, and the authorities were notified of the find.

A rich and rare collection of Elizabethan and Jacobean jewels were found inside the casket, and it includes:—

Gold gem-studded watches, rings, earrings, tie-pins, necklaces and pendants. The earrings, which take the form of miniature bunches of grapes, will fascinate women. Some of the tiny, delicate clusters are of chrysoprase; others, of a darker green, of emerald. Amethysts and garnets were employed for the purple bunches.

Later negotiations with the individual or individuals whom the law decided were the rightful claimants were entered into by Mr. L. Harcourt, through whose efforts the collection has found a place in the London Museum.

How did the casket with its precious contents come to be buried? Did the original owner die without even telling where he had hidden it?

If such be the case, the present century owes him thanks, for the gems survived the stormy period of the Civil Wars, when Royalists disposed of all their valuables.

TROOPS IN ULSTER.

Double Guards at Barracks—Sentries with Fixed Bayonets Day and Night.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BELFAST, March 18.—War Office orders, it is stated, were to-day received in Belfast, Londonderry, Enniskillen and other garrison towns to double the guards at military barracks in each centre, and keep all castles, forts, and forts closed. Quantities of rifles and ammunition are stored at these barracks and it is supposed that the orders are designed to foil any possible raid on the garrisons. Some weeks ago a similar step was taken at Carrickfergus Castle, where a battery of the Garrison Artillery is stationed.

A detachment of the 1st Norfolk Regiment has arrived at Carrickfergus Castle, and sentries are posted day and night with fixed bayonets and rounds of ammunition at the castle, and at the old Co. Antrim Courthouse, now the headquarters of the Antrim Royal Garrison Reserve Artillery.

There is a large stock of arms and ammunition at the castle barracks. Guard duty is being done by a detachment of the Cheshire Regiment numbering sixty.

COUNTRESS SUED FOR LIBEL.

The hearing of the action for alleged libel brought by Dr. Charles Keats, medical officer of the Camberwell Infirmary, against Mrs. Bracy-Wright (also known as the Countess de Lormes) and Mr. William Bracy-Wright, her son, was resumed yesterday before Mr. Justice Scrutton.

Dr. Keats alleged that in a guardians' election circular, issued in Camberwell in April last year, he was accused by the defendants of fogging sick children in the infirmary with what was described as a "fistulated lash."

Dr. Keats was shocked at the charge, and used a violent staff for repeated bad behaviour, and used a piece of string folded five times.

Nurse Varty, a ward sister in the infirmary, described the bad behaviour of the boys, and the doctor's mode of correction. The punishment was not at all brutal or excessive.

Mrs. Barker, of Peckham, stated that last summer Mrs. Bracy-Wright called on her and inquired how her boy had been treated in the infirmary. She replied that he had been treated very well indeed.

The hearing was adjourned.

COLOURS INSTALLED AT CHATHAM.



The colours of the Chatham and Dartford Militia Regiment were installed at Chatham Town Hall yesterday. The picture shows the presentation being made to the mayor, on behalf of the First Commissioner of Works, by Mr. Charles Froulkes, curator of the Armouries of the Tower.—(Daily Mirror) photograph.)

MR. CHURCHILL'S YAWN.

Lord Charles Beresford Tells First Lord He Is Sorry to Bore Him.

Lord Charles Beresford was in breezy mood in the House of Commons yesterday.

He complained that Mr. Churchill's absence from the House was hardly civil to the House or to him, and added that he (Lord Charles) was pleading the cause of the lower deck in the House when the First Lord was at the business end of his feeding-bottle.

Dr. Macnamara said the First Lord was engaged for the moment, and Lord Charles Beresford expressed the hope that every word he had said would be conveyed to Mr. Churchill.

Dr. Macnamara: Every word, sir.

Lord Charles, apparently satisfied, proceeded to declare that Mr. Churchill was responsible for a shortage of ships under the standard he had laid down. There was a shortage of three capital ships in the Imperial Squadron and six, or perhaps eight, in the Mediterranean.

Later Mr. Churchill took his seat, and during Lord Charles's speech was observed to yawn.

Amid laughter from all sides of the House, Lord Charles observed that he was sorry to bore him. Mr. Churchill had been rude to him on various occasions, but he (Lord Charles) had never been angry with him.

\$250,000 "JUGGINS."

"Jubilee Plunger's" Extravagance Recalled by Claim Against His Estate.

The eccentric extravaganzas of the late Mr. Henry Erskine Schlegel, Benzon, who attained worldwide notoriety under the name of the "Jubilee Plunger" and the "Jubilee Juggins," were recalled by a claim in the Appeal Court yesterday regarding his estate.

It was during the Jubilee year of the late Queen Victoria that Mr. Benzon startled the world by throwing thousands of pounds daily to the winds. He spent about \$250,000 within a space, it is said, of a few weeks, and wrote an original book, "The Art of Spending Money." Most of his money went on clothes, cards and racing.

Yesterday's appeal was on a summons taken out by six twenty-year-old creditors of the "Jubilee Plunger," who sought for leave to come in and prove as creditors against his estate.

Mr. Hansell said it was an appeal from the order of Mr. Justice Warrington disallowing the claim of these six creditors.

On January 10, 1900, Benzon was made a bankrupt, and five out of the six creditors, whom counsel said he represented, proved their debts and received dividends of 5s. 2d. in the £. From this bankruptcy Benzon was never discharged.

These creditors now claimed to come in the administration of the balance of those debts, which amounted, after giving credit for the 5s. 2d., to £2,705. The hearing was adjourned.

MILLIONAIRE DIVORCED.

NEW YORK, March 18.—At Newport (Rhode Island) yesterday Mr. Robert Goelet was granted a divorce from her husband, whom she charged with extreme cruelty.

The depositions supporting the charge required three hours to be read.—Central News.

According to another message, Mrs. Goelet said that very soon after her marriage her husband began to hold her up to derision and contempt in the presence of her guests. When she gave a dinner-party he would gaze at her fixedly while informing their guests that "marriage was hell."

Later, he would insist on having his own dinner served in a separate room in sight of her guests. He varied this treatment by forbidding the servants to serve any refreshments.

One of America's multi-millionaires, Mr. Robert Goelet is a brother of the Duchess of Roxburghe and son of the late Mr. Ogden Goelet. (Photographs on page 8.)

DEAD MAN'S LETTERS

M. Calmette's Possession of Important Secret Documents.

"ONE NEVER KNOWS."

(Continued from page 3.)

for M. Caillaux, the Finance Minister, brought such pressure to bear upon the judicial committee that the report was suppressed.

M. Monis, when asked if he did or did not order the suspension of the prosecution of Rochette, replied that he was not aware of the letter written by M. Fabre.

M. Delahaye said he knew the Fabre letter did exist, and a profound sensation was then caused by M. Barthou, who, with the remark, "Here is the Fabre letter," explained that it was among documents he received from M. Briand, produced and read the letter as follows:—

Paris Court of Appeal.—Called by the Minister of Justice on Wednesday, March 18, 1914, was summoned by M. Monis, the Premier, who wished to speak to me on the Rochette affair.

He told me that the Government was anxious that the case should not come before the Court on April 27, the date fixed long previously, as it might be embarrassing to the Minister of Finance at the moment when he already had his hands full with the liquidation of the religious congregations, that of the Crédit Foncier, and other similar matters.

The Premier ordered me to obtain from the President of the Correctional Chamber the postponement of the case until after the legal recess from August to September 1st.

I pointed out that it was impossible for me to understand a fact and a law which I considered should be allowed to take its normal course. The Premier adhered to his order.

I was indignant. "It was certain that it was the friends of Rochette who had engineered this astounding coup."

I decided under pressure of moral violence," adds the statement signed Fabre, "to obey and the case was postponed."

SECRET OF LETTERS.

PARIS, March 18.—In the *Intransigent* M. Leon Bailly states:—

"I was dining with M. Calmette last Thursday. He read to me the document which M. Barthou produced in the Chamber yesterday in which M. Caillaux is accused of delaying justice in the Rochette case."

"He showed me two other documents from the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

"They were letters exchanged between two representatives of a great Power in connection with the Congo affair, and proved the secret negotiations of M. Caillaux with a foreign Government."

"M. Calmette stated that he had so far suppressed these documents in case their publication would give rise to a diplomatic incident, but he added, 'I always carry them on my person. One never knows what may happen.'—Exchange."

JUDGE WITH "SWORD OF STEEL."

PARIS, March 18.—To-morrow the four members necessary to bring the Rochette Committee of Inquiry up to its original strength will be nominated and on Friday the Committee will get to work.

M. Jaures, president of the Committee, stated to-day that M. Monis will be heard first, and after him MM. Caillaux, Briand and Barthou and the magistrates implicated, excepting M. Fabre, M. Bidault, De Lisle and other witnesses.

M. Jaures added: "For my part I shall be a judge of bronze with a sword of steel."

A denial has been given to the rumour that M. Monis, Minister of Justice, had tendered his resignation to the Premier, but the position of the Ministry is not believed to be secure.

The Ministers will meet to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon at the Elysée under the presidency of M. Poincaré, and the Council will be largely devoted to the consideration of the situation created by the incidents at yesterday's sitting of the Chamber and the attitude which M. Monis ought to take.—Reuter.

PARIS, March 18.—The demoralisation of the Radical Party through the loss of its leader, M. Caillaux, is accentuated by the publication of M. Fabre's letter, directly accusing M. Caillaux and M. Monis of exerting pressure on him to postpone the Rochette trial.

The result of the researches by the Rochette Committee of Inquiry must be awaited in order to get to the bottom of this complicated affair.

Whatever the result is, there is no doubt that the Radical Party has suffered a severe blow.—Reuter.

THE KING TO SEE BLIND AT WORK

An interesting feature of the opening by the King to-day of the new Institute for the Blind in Great Portland-street and Bolsover-street will be a visit his Majesty and the Queen will pay to the factory.

There the King and Queen will inspect an exhibit of old and new books and apparatus for use of the blind, and will see demonstrations by the blind of book production, shorthand, typing and reading. Specimens of embossed books will be presented to their Majesties as souvenirs.

DUKE SELLS HIS CAXTONS.

Authoritative news was forthcoming last night as to the reported sale of the Duke of Devonshire's library to an American collector.

It was at first thought that the famous Chatsworth Library was to pass out of the Duke's possession, but Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge state that his Grace, in order to meet the heavy burden of the death duties, has, through their medium, sold a small portion of his library, consisting of the Caxtons and the Kemble collection of plays.

No statement is made as to the amount paid for the almost priceless treasures from the press of England's first printer.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Mr. H. E. Huntington.

To-day's Grumble.

Dr. Knox, the Bishop of Manchester, sends me a short, but very much to the point, grumble to-day. He writes that his grievance at the moment is "the state of the road between Bury and Edenfield. As it is now it is only fit for a burial ground for the authorities who are responsible for its maintenance." That road must be in an awful state.

The Great Grateful Brigade.

For supreme "cheek" I doubt if anything can beat the advertisements of people "who would be grateful" that appear daily in the morning "Agony" columns.

I wonder if the advertisers really do get what they so brazenly beg for. I have drafted a few "Agonies" I am thinking of trying myself. For instance:—

OXFORD GRADUATE, young, intensely disliking prospect of having to work for living, would be **GRATEFUL** for small **ANNUAL ALLOWANCE** that would relieve him of financial anxieties.—Write, Weary, etc.

NUT, expensively dressed, is willing to accept **INVITATIONS** to theatre, dinner and supper parties, host paying expenses; references essential.—Apply, etc.

TO THE GENEROUS AND WEALTHY.—A **LADY** (musical) would gladly welcome two dolls or a box for the opera on Thursday evenings during the season.—Write —.

WILL any **BENEVOLENT** person lend a large covered motor-car (recent model) for week-end tours to leisurely stockbroker, who is devoted to motoring, but too poor to keep one of his own; advertiser will pay half cost of petrol.—Particulars, X, Capel-court.

Forgot Her Cab.

But, talking of "Agonies," there was one in the papers yesterday that breathed of true honesty. It was from a lady who had taken a taxicab to an Oxford-street shop, "where she forgot him," as she frankly puts it.

She wants to find the driver. This happened three days ago. I wonder if the "tuppences" have been ticking up ever since.

The Nursing Home Habit.

One of the mysteries of modern life is the nursing home habit. Those who have it—and I know many—grasp any excuse to seek refuge in these places.

I can only explain it as a form of super-laziness and a desire to enjoy the luxuries of illness without being ill.

Some of my nursing home habit friends tell me that Miss Gertrude Jennings's amusing play, "The Rest Cure," grossly exaggerates the conditions of the "homes" they love. Yet I know that every incident in the play is taken from real experience.

Wakened to Take a Sleeping Draught.

It was a near relative of Miss Jennings who, while in a nursing home, encountered a jagged piece of glass in his food, and a close friend who, owning one of the quietest and most restful houses in London, because she felt "run down" left her own peaceful home for a "cure" in a "home" where taxi whistles shrielled all day and night, doors banged, nurses ran restlessly about, and where, when she at last did fall asleep, the patient was awakened by a busy nurse with tea.

I can quite believe the story of the nurse who woke up a patient to give him a sleeping draught.

"Cut Off with a Shilling"—Why a Shilling?

Why are people "cut off with a shilling"? I don't mean why sons or daughters or wives offend those from whom they might expect a substantial legacy, I mean why a shilling. Why not cut offending legatees off with nothing?

I asked a learned member of the Bar this question the other day, and he explained:—

"There is no particular reason for the shilling; any small sum would do, but the idea of specifying it in a will is merely to make it clear that the testator made the legacy small deliberately.

To Avoid Doubt.

"If a wife or a child were left nothing by a father's will it might be argued in court that the will should be upset because the testator had obviously inadvertently omitted a legacy that he would naturally be expected to make. By specifying one shilling this argument cannot hold good. There is no chance of suggesting that the legatee had been forgotten."

Newspaper Made for Wrapping Paper.

The Germans are a practical people. At the little town of Eberswalde, near Berlin, the local newspaper is printed twice a week on one side of the paper only, so that it can be used for wrapping up provisions without any touch of printer's ink.

On these two days the paper is twice its ordinary size, so that the reader loses nothing in the way of reading matter.

The idea is worth copying over here. Such a paper would surely prove an ideal advertising medium for cooks.

Actors' Holidays.

How do actors spend their holidays? I have been asked. Well, Sir

Herbert Tree goes abroad to study other theatres, Mr. H. B. Irving probes into old crimes, and Sir J. Forbes-Robertson does a little painting.

Among variety artists Mr. Albert Chevalier goes in for shooting and Mr. Gus Elen spends a few months every year in salmon fishing. Yesterday Mr. Wilkie Bard told me he was going to spend a holiday this year yachting in the Mediterranean.

Swift MacNeill.

Mr. Swift MacNeill, who has just been attacking the British South Africa Company in characteristic fashion, is something of a paradox. His knowledge of the rules of parliamentary procedure is probably unrivalled, yet when a Unionist Government is in power he frequently comes into collision with the Speaker as the centre of what the reporters describe as "scenes."

His hobby is collecting old plate and china. He is an opponent of corporal punishment and a friend of the "heathen."

Let Us Riot.

Following the historic French custom, I see that Paris is demonstrating its intense interest in the Caillaux-Calmette tragedy by a series of fine riots. The good Frenchman in moments of excitement always wants to go into the streets and hit somebody on the head.

I remember just about twenty years ago in Paris, when the Government wanted to increase the garrisons, a number of splendid spectacular riots were organised.

The thing was done properly, trained rioters were employed, and very little injury was done to persons—the instructions were to demonstrate on property.

Wouldn't Work Overtime.

Omnibuses would be stopped in the streets, their women passengers asked politely to descend, and then the omnibuses would be turned over and set on fire.

The rioters only worked from 6 p.m. till 10 p.m. Sharp at ten o'clock the trouble would stop, and all was peace until six the next evening. But the Government secured four crowded hours of glorious melee, with charging troops and yelling mobs, and soon convinced the worthy citizens that more troops were necessary. And when this was agreed to the riots suddenly and wonderfully ceased.

"Mam'selle Tra-la-la."

Miss Yvonne Arnaud, who is going to appear early next month in the new musical play, "Mam'selle Tra-la-la," used to be on the concert platform before she took to captivating audiences from the stage. When only thirteen she won first prize at the Paris Conservatoire for piano playing. One night, while in London, she went with her mother to see "The Count of Luxembourg," and was so delighted that she said afterwards, "Now I am going on the stage." She did.

A Great Pageant.

One of the most remarkable pageants of modern times is now being arranged. It is to be the "Waterloo Pageant." The whole conception and execution of the scheme has been undertaken by experts. Their names are household words. I will let you know more presently.

"Old-Fashioned Melodrama."

"Is the 'Lights of London' going to be a gigantic success again?" I asked Mr. G. R. Sims yesterday.

"How can I say? It's on the lap of the gods," he answered. "Of course, the whole construction will be new and elaborate. But a certain section of our young, dramatic critics may not like it because it is an old-fashioned—melodrama, just like Hamlet, Macbeth or the Bible."

HIDDEN SPIDER SENSE.

Strange Faculty of Detection That Causes Violent Illness and Horror.

Numerous instances of a strange sixth sense which enables many people to detect the hidden presence of some insect or animal they hold in aversion were related to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

The cases were described as a sequel to the publication in *The Times* of the case of a woman who can detect the presence of a spider in any room she happens to be in.

Though she has not seen the insect she at once shows signs of distressing illness, becoming pale with a feeble pulse and rapid breathing. All this passes when the spider is caught and removed.

Among instances of this strange sense given to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday were the following:—

A Business Manager—I cannot stand a cat in the room. The feeling their presence gives me is one of acute nervous discomfort.

A Sports Girl—I simply abhor bats in the room.

A Girl Typist—For some strange reason I am afraid of a horse. I cannot force myself to go near one. There seems to be something in their eyes you cannot see beyond. Young Business Man—There is something uncanny and hidden in frogs which my nervous system cannot cope.

A member of the London Spiritualist Alliance recalled last night the case of a woman he knew who was extraordinarily sensitive to the perfume of a hyacinth.

She was asked out to a dinner party one evening, and the hostess, knowing her guest's horror of a hyacinth, placed the plants behind a screen in the fireplace. The guest entered the room without any idea that the hyacinths were there, but no sooner had she sat down to dinner than she fainted.

STRIKE OF THE ELDERS.

Four Small Girls and the 1,600 Who Won't Work with Them.

Four frightened little girls of fourteen and fifteen years of age, living at Millwall, have been living almost in a state of siege during the past three days. They have several policemen apiece to protect them.

These children were the unconscious cause of the present strike of 1,000 girls and 600 men employed at Messrs. C. and E. Morton, provision merchants, of West Ferry-road, Millwall.

The girl strikers allege that the employment of what they term "kid" workers at a wage of 6s. a week will mean the ultimate dismissal of many of the grown-up employees who earn from 16s. to 18s. a week.

One of the four children, named Marie Reed, a dark-haired, pretty girl of about fourteen, came out furiously yesterday to look at the strikers.

I do feel sorry we have caused all this trouble (she told a friend). I hope they will all be working again soon.

On Tuesday last the four went to the factory all day, and had a strong force of police to see them home. One girl had four policemen to protect her.

We don't want to hurt the children in any way (one girl striker told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday). It is not their fault. Nobody need be afraid that they will go hurt.

Among the songs the girl strikers sing is one which runs: "You made us strike, though we didn't want to do it."

MARRIAGE ÉPIDEMIC.

Staff of Women's College Depleted by Matrimony—Value of Educated Wives.

Are highly-educated women averse from and unfitted for marriage?

The answer is a distinct "No," if one may judge from the state of affairs disclosed at the meeting in Vauxhall Bridge-road yesterday of the governing body of the Horticultural College, Swanley.

Moving the adoption of the annual report, Sir John Cockburn, who presided, said the college was performing a great work in the direction of providing higher education for women.

Referring to the success which students had attained, he said that they had received more applications from employers offering posts than they were able to cope with. Those women workers found posts not only in this country, but in the Colonies, carrying with them the torch of civilization and the best traditions of the British race.

"Unfortunately," added Sir John, "the college suffers from a continuous epidemic of matrimony. Not only are our students exposed to the greatest possible danger in this direction, but even our staff has inroads made upon it. While we congratulate the individual, we deplore the loss to the institution."

Viscountess Falmouth, in seconding the adoption of the report, said some people appeared to think that highly-educated women were not fitted for matrimony, but judging from what they heard of the numerous students who made most excellent wives, trained women who were capable and practical housewives appealed to very many men.

Books for America.

Mr. Henry E. Huntington, who, it is reported in New York, has bought a dual library for £200,000, inherited twenty millions from a near relation, Colis P. Huntington, who made his fortune in building the first American transcontinental railway.

The railway builder was a thrifty man, of whom it was said, "You couldn't trace him very far by following the shillings he dropped."

The "Trolley King."

Mr. H. E. Huntington began life as an ironmonger in a village in New York. Later he learned the railway business, beginning at the bottom as a workman on the permanent way. He owns a palatial mansion in New York, and a wonderful country house near Los Angeles, in which city he is called the "trolley king," because he constructed and owns the tramway lines in the neighbourhood.

Books That Sank with the Titanic.

Mr. Huntington's agents have been buying freely at all the recent big book sales, particularly of the Hoe and the Huth libraries.

A tremendous number of rare English books have gone to America in past years. Young Mr. Widener, who went down in the Titanic, the son of the Philadelphia millionaire picture collector, was a keen collector, and at the time of the disaster was taking back with him some valuable volumes.

Among others, a first edition of Bacon's *Essays*, worth some hundreds of pounds.

A Transit Paradox.

Have motor-omnibuses and taxicabs really "speeded up" the transit of London? Of course, you can get from one place to another in ten minutes now where it used to take you half an hour. But on the other hand it often takes you nearly half an hour now to cross the road. Try the Strand or Fleet-street.

Workgirl Admirers.

Here is quite a pretty story which has also the virtue of being authentic.

When Miss Ella Reford began to make the record pantomime success of the year at Birmingham a simple bunch of flowers began to be left for her at the stage door every night. The affair became so mysterious that Miss Reford had the flowers traced. They came from two little working-class girls who sat up in the gallery at least twice a week.

A Brooch from Brum.

Miss Reford wrote them a letter of thanks, and gently intimated that, as she prized their kind thought as much as anything, they must really waste no more money on flowers. On receipt of this note the flowers ceased. But on Monday last Miss Reford received at her London home a little parcel, and when opened it was found to contain a cheap gold brooch.

With the brooch was a little letter, and the letter said:—"As you did not want us to send any more flowers, we saved up the pennies, and hope you will wear this brooch in memory of two girls from West Bromwich."

THE RAMBLER.

TO-DAY'S VOTE OF CENSURE

Urgent Whips for Debate on Mr. Bonar Law's Motion—Premier's Cold.

A great debate is promised for to-day in the House of Commons, when Mr. Bonar Law will move a vote of censure on the Government.

Urgent whips have been sent out by both parties.

Mr. Asquith, who is suffering from a severe cold, has every hope of being present, and among the speakers, in addition to the Prime Minister, will be Sir Edward Carson, Mr. F. E. Smith and probably Mr. Lloyd George.

Mr. Bonar Law will repeat his demand for details of the Government's concessions in the Ulster question, and the Prime Minister will state the views of the Government.

Notice of the following amendment to Mr. Bonar Law's motion has been given:—

That this House would welcome a common ground as a basis of agreement for a settlement of the Irish question, and of opinion that, with goodwill, such might be found in the exclusion from the Government of Ireland Bill of the counties of Ulster until legislative provision for a general system of devolution for the whole of the United Kingdom be ready to come into operation.

Mr. Bonar Law will move his resolution after questions, and the division will be taken at 11 p.m.

On Page 12.—Four Perfect Types of Women Figures—the Great Albert, the Demonstration, New Gown That Spots! and How Can Hospital Patients Get More Sleep?

GREAT 14 DAYS' SALE OF FRENCH LINGERIE

DIRECT FROM PARIS.



**A BOUDOIR
CAP OR SILK
STOCKINGS
AS A FREE
GIFT.**

Sensational Bargain Offer of Complete Parcel of Daintiest Underclothing Manufactured by Famous French Workers Sent on Deposit of **2/- ONLY.**

A CHARMING AND IMPOSSIBLE-TO-REPEAT LINGERIE OUTFIT FOR EASTER AND THE HOLIDAYS AT THE UNHEARD-OF PRICE OF 20/-— SECURE YOUR SET OF PARIS LINGERIE WHILE THE BARGAINS LAST. POST THE COUPON TO-DAY DIRECT TO PARIS WITH 2/- ONLY.

We present to every lady reader of "The Daily Mirror" to-day a sensational Bargain Sale Opportunity that she cannot afford to pass by.

While the bargains last during the next 14 days every lady may secure the daintiest, smartest, most chic, complete underclothing outfit, sent direct from Paris itself—the "home of daintiness and smartness in woman's dress"—at an unheard-of Bargain Price.

By sending our famous Paris lingerie direct to Englishwomen we shall be enabled to supply every article dainty, chic, and made beautiful by filmy, creamy "billows" of lace of the finest workmanship—at the lowest, that is, manufacturer's prices.

Just think for a moment what we are giving for the small price of twenty shillings to show Englishwomen one of the secrets of the Frenchwoman's

careful attention to every detail in the dress. Here you have the most complete and most dainty Lingerie Outfit you could desire—sent on receipt of a first payment of only 2s. postal order to all approved customers.

Look at the illustrations. They will help you to appreciate the completeness of the wonderful bargain parcel, although they cannot, of course, do justice to the entrancing display of perfect lingerie. **REMEMBER THE BARGAIN SALE LASTS ONLY TWO WEEKS.** Do not hesitate in sending 2s. deposit, as, if we are unable to supply your order, your money will be refunded. If you decide to send at once the full twenty shillings, you will receive as an additional Bargain Gift—an extra present to English customers quite free of charge—one of the latest dainty Parisian boudoir caps or a beautiful pair of silk stockings.

Remember your Postal Order for 2/- secures the parcel. Send your order at once to avoid delay.



EACH SPECIAL BARGAIN PARCEL CONTAINS—

1. Elegant soft Satin **French Blouse**, Kimono shaped sleeves, lined throughout White Lawn. Lawn turn-over collar and cuffs, hand feather-stitched in colours, to match the satin. Satin buttons and large bow in front. Colours: Ruby, Saxe Blue, light fashionable Tango, Black, Light Brown, Navy, or Violet.

2. A pretty **Nightdress** in the famous French "linon." Square neck front, with dainty insertion of muslin embroideries and Valenciennes. The long sleeves are trimmed with muslin and Valenciennes to match. Ribbon insertion at neck.

3. Charming design in elegant French "linon" **Chemise and Knickers** to correspond. The Chemise trimmed with wide embroidery and insertion edged with French picots. A pretty lace insertion outlining the square front and finished with bow of ribbon. The Knickers have an insertion of lace and a deep frill of tucked "linon" with wide embroidery edged French picot and finished with pretty bow of ribbon.

4. An exceedingly smart **Camisole** in French embroidered Lawn, with shoulder straps of Embroidery and Ribbon insertion.

The Order Form here gives every lady reader the opportunity, during the next two weeks, of securing One of the Special 20/- Parcels of Dainty and Elegant Lingerie direct from Paris.



Fill in the Form and post to-day (2d. stamp to be used). The parcels are sent at once to all approved names on receipt of postal order for

2/- ONLY.

and the balance in monthly instalments of 4/- after the goods are delivered.



Send **2/-** Only and this Form.

Fill In and Post This Form.

To THE MAISON DE PARIS, 2, Rue Blanche, Paris, France.

Please send me the Bargain Parcel of Lingerie as described in "The Daily Mirror," for which I enclose a deposit of 2s., and agree to pay the balance (18s.) in monthly instalments of 4s. If you are unable to fill my order it is understood that you return the amount enclosed in full.

NAME

ADDRESS

Please state whether stock, large or small size.

IMPORTANT—If you desire to receive one of the Special Gifts of a Dainty Fashionable Parisian Boudoir Cap or a pair of beautiful silk stockings, enclose the 20s. in full, and this will be sent, in addition to the wonderful Bargain Parcel FREE.

N.B.—2d. stamp to be put upon your envelope, which must be addressed direct to the Maison de Paris, 2, Rue Blanche, Paris.

New Health—New Strength—New Vitality & New Life

A message of hope and an offer of New Life to all who suffer from
Anemia Sleeplessness Nerve Troubles Convalescence
Weakness Run-down Depression Exhaustion

You need suffer no longer. Because "Wincarnis" (*his Wine of Life*) will speedily overcome your ailments and give you new health, new strength, new vitality, and new life. "Wincarnis" is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all combined in one clear, delicious beverage. As a Tonic, it "tones up," stimulates and invigorates the system when you are "Run-down." As a Restorative, it revives your lost vitality, restores your flagging energies and creates new strength. As a Blood-maker, it surcharges your whole system with a wealth of new, rich blood. As a Nerve Food, it invigorates, rejuvenates, and nourishes your worn-out nerves and gives them new life. Therefore, when you take "Wincarnis" you obtain its four-fold benefits—all at once. That is the reason why

WINCARNIS

is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors. And it is also the reason why "Wincarnis" has given new health, new strength, new blood, new nerves, and new life to countless thousands of sufferers. Here is just one instance—"A few weeks ago I had a very severe illness, which left me in a very weak and nervous state of health. I was advised to try 'Wincarnis' and did so with splendid results. I took one bottle and in a few days I felt much better. So I continued taking 'Wincarnis,' and in all I had four bottles. In three weeks I was a different woman, and I owe my wonderful recovery to the splendid curative powers of 'Wincarnis.' You are quite at liberty to make use of this letter in any way you wish, as I think people ought to know how really good 'Wincarnis' is."—Annie Walker, 281, Cricklewood Lane, London.

Now—does not this letter convey a message to you? Does it not suggest that you, too, can get relief from your suffering and derive new health and new life from "Wincarnis." Will you try just one bottle?



A WORD OF WARNING

Cheap wines containing dangerous drugs are being offered to the Public as "just the same as 'Wincarnis'." Don't be tempted to waste your money and risk your health by buying these dangerous substitutes. "Wincarnis" does not contain drugs; it is composed of Choice Wine, Liebig's Extract of Meat and Extract of Malt. It contains no Cocaine as do some other Wine Tonics. Therefore, insist upon having "Wincarnis." Leave the drugged Wines alone. They are dangerous.

Begin to get well FREE

Send the coupon and you will receive a liberal free trial bottle of "Wincarnis"—enough to do you good.

Send this Coupon for Free Trial Bottle

After Free Trial you can obtain "Wincarnis" from your Wine Merchant or from all Chemists and Grocers holding wine licenses. "Wincarnis" is also sold by the glass and in 1/- Asks at all Hotels, Restaurants, and Railway Station Refreshment Bars.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., W154, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

Please send me a free trial bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose three penny stamps to pay carriage.

Name

Address

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of *The Daily Mirror* are at—
25-29, BOUVIER-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 6100 Holborn (five lines).
PROVINCIAL CALLS: 125 T.S. London.
TELEGRAMS: "Reflected," Fleet, London.
PARIS OFFICE: 36, Rue du Saumur.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914.

THE FIRST THING SOLD.

ADMIRERS of Sherlock Holmes will remember a very early detective effort of his, which consisted in raising an alarm of fire, in order that the place where some compromising letters were hidden might be revealed. For surely (argued that great mind) everybody has a thing or a person he would first rush for and rescue in a fire. And so it happened here that the lady of the story rushed first for the box containing the compromising letters and revealed them to the detective.

All that happened years ago, and the case, besides, being constructed for the purpose of revealing Sherlock rather than the letters, was not, for our purpose, sufficiently illustrative of general tastes in this matter. In a fire, too, it is probable that the person observed will lose his head and rashly rescue something he doesn't want—the first thing that comes handy. We heard once, for example, of a man who, when his legal chambers were threatened, suddenly rushed off with "Chitty on Contracts," which was much heavier and not so expensive as the new overcoat he left hanging on a peg. We want to observe people, not so much when the house is on fire as when it isn't, and perhaps it is more significant to see, not so much what they choose for preservation as what they reject as useless. For example—here is the test moment of a man's tastes—what will he sell first when he wants to "realise" swiftly? What will he do without when he has to give up something "owing to the increased cost of living"? Immediately we answer, and without hesitation: "His books."

The Englishman will first sell the books. They are the preliminary ballast thrown out. Motor-cars may remain and, for a time, even masterpieces—paintings, objets d'art: but books to the Englishman are clearly a superfluity, a luxury. They are not sufficiently decorative to survive as mere furniture. They take up room. They spread. They are seldom opened. Sell the books.

So it is that nowadays, when everybody is selling something, everybody is selling books. Yesterday we read of another famous English library's departure for New York. There are very few great libraries left to us. In half-yearly sales, year by year, the Huth books are being dispersed, from which the Caxtons were extracted for America. Priceless volumes—"no copy in the British Museum"—are to be seen by the humble bibliophile gathered on the rough shelves of the auctioneer's room. Collections it has taken many years to group, with admirable knowledge and taste, are scattered, or annexed entire by America. We cannot help a little regretting that the first thing we sell is always and invariably our library, and we hate to think of the huge sums that have, in recent years, been realised by hard-hearted owners, auctioneers, booksellers; and of the harsh treatment these beautiful books receive in their transition from one to another. Still, it must be so. Our Beckfords, our Gladstones, our Eltons, our Huths, our Charles Butlers, are gone. Rich men don't want great libraries, and the only question that remains is: "When the books have all been sold, what will they sell next?" W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What wisdom can there be to choose, what continuance to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all his baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfarer Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal gildon is to be run for, not without dust and heat.—*Milton*.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

SELF-SACRIFICE OR SELFISHNESS?

WHEN the letter of your correspondent "R. H. Jones" appeared I felt—as I suppose many other Church people did—that the matter was scarcely one for newspaper controversy; but the beautiful letter signed "Anglican" has rather altered this view and I would ask you to allow me to say how very much I pity "R. H. Jones." Of one thing I am quite sure—he has never lived in a parish in that hub of the universe, "London-over-the-Border," where such "orgies of self-indulgence" as the following are common:—Girls earning small wages cut down their already frugal midday meal and thus save, perhaps, 2d. a day; men, young and old, give up smoking and walk to and from business to save omnibus fares—this after

"BOADICEA."

I AM afraid that Miss Bertha Brewster is right when she says that the sentencing of suffragettes is an absolute farce, and that "to allow these women to die in prison would be a rational proceeding." The alternative, enfranchisement by terror, is unthinkable. As the dynamitards of the nineteenth century convinced England that Ireland was not then ripe for Home Rule, so the militants make it abundantly clear that women's political methods are not yet conducive to peace and order. Rebellion against a Government is one thing, but the wanton destruction of public and private property, sacrificing alike men and women, friend and foe, prejudiced people and people with open minds, is something quite different. It is the nega-

MODERN LOVE.

Are Young People of To-day Too Much Afraid of Being Thought Sentimental?

IT may be good to be sentimental and romantic, but surely it isn't necessary to show off about it. I hate people who give way to their emotions in front of me. All Englishmen and Englishwomen, too, dislike "scenes." And I call it as bad as a scene to have two people sentimentalising over one another in public.

Curiously enough, this is a trait in English manners that I think first strikes the foreigner. Our lovers have no reserve in public. The amount of silly flirtation, of a harmless but foolish sort, that goes on everywhere is distressing to see, for anybody with anything better to do. I respect your readers' intelligence (too much to suppose that they can approve of showing off in matters of love, or, indeed, in any matters of emotion). M. C.

OUR young people are, unfortunately, not at all afraid of showing their feelings nowadays. To give a case in point.

I was passing one evening a week or two ago down a street in a suburb not half an hour from the heart of the City. Standing in the middle of the pavement, oblivious to any passers-by, were a young couple. He had his arm round her waist, she had her head on his shoulder. A real good shaking would undoubtedly have done them a world of good had the law allowed any person passing by to administer it. It is foolish, however, to talk of the reticence of lovers when such amorous imbecilities may be daily seen in the public streets. SENSIBLE.

THIS is how a well-known Norfolk rector in his callow curate days made his proposal. He was "sitting-out" a dance with a lady just past her teens and a somewhat notorious flirt. He: "I suppose you have had lots of offers?" She: "Oh yes. Nineteen, in fact I believe, so far." He: "Well, you may put me down as the twentieth if you like."

She did, with the result that they two are now a staid married couple with children and a grandchild, to their credit. I had the story first hand, so can vouch for its authenticity; in fact, I may admit that I was ONE OF THE NINETEEN.

IT is sad to read that "W. E.'s" young lady lost her lover through being a little rough with him. But I think this young lady must be exceptional.

My own experience seems to show me that girls think men need encouraging to-day. The ardent lover "who proposes well" being extinct, the girl has to "help him out." And I must say, in one or two cases I have known, the girl seems to have done this very successfully.

Young men who are sure they will find themselves married before they know where they are. It is surprising to find what a number of young men there are whose minds are made up for them by nice girls. Were men always so undecided? Childingfold, Godalming. BASHFUL.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 13.—Violets growing in frames are now at their best, and give us some wonderful bunches of flowers. These precious plants should be found in all country gardens, for, given the protection of a frame, they are in bloom from October until April. Princess of Wales, with its very large and sweet-scented violet single flowers, is a grand variety, and other beautiful sorts are Marie Louise (double lavender and white), Neapolitan, White Czar and Mrs. J. J. Astor.

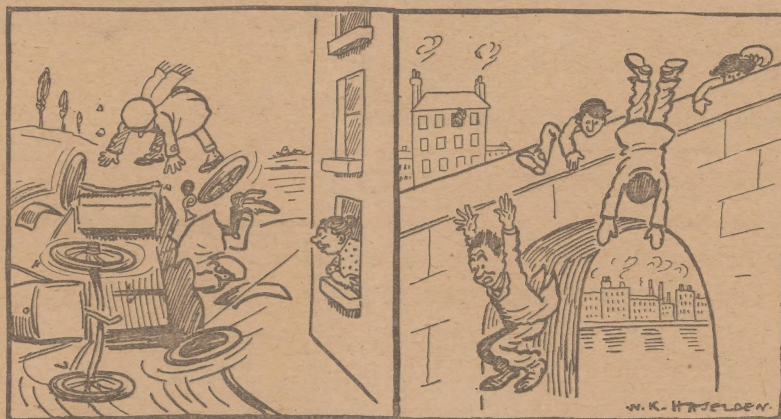
Violets should be started next month. Plant small roots in a cool north border and keep them well watered and free from weeds during the summer. Runners must not be allowed to form. These plants in frames early in September. E. F. T.

A FEW MORE TEMPTING ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE IDEAL COOK.



A good cook is offered a place in a really desperate corner of the Metropolis, with every chance of a murder being committed at any moment outside her very kitchen window.

Situation vacant for a first-class cook in a dentist's family. Give absolutely nothing in return for the groans of the patients. Teeth extractions almost daily performed, often without gas.



High-class cook can obtain a situation with a magnificent view from kitchen window of a dangerous traffic corner—motor smashes guaranteed two or three times daily.

A good situation open to a talented cook near river. From the kitchen, which is situated at the top of the house, an uninterrupted view can be obtained of bridge which is favourite "take-off" of suicides.

THE other day an advertisement appeared in "The Times" offering "a good cook a magnificent view from kitchen window of main thoroughfare with constant arrests, small accidents, ambulance calls, and other interesting incidents at all hours of day and evening." Even better cooks might conceivably be procured by more dramatic inducements, of which our cartoonist offers a few examples. —(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

a hard day's work and in wet weather. The money thus saved is devoted either to private charities or placed in Lenten savings boxes, which bear no names, but are simply numbered, and given to Church funds, so that the accusation of self-righteousness cannot apply in these cases, which are quite common in the district mentioned. Clacton-on-Sea. FLORENCE E. GREEN.

AN INCA HOUSE.

YOUR photograph of a house in an old Inca city is extremely interesting. The lower portion is undoubtedly of Inca build—the huge blocks of well wrought stone, the great thickness of the walls, and the doorway sloping inwards from threshold to lintel, afford the proof. But the upper part of less careful masonry is an addition, possibly by some followers of the Pizarros. The typical Inca house had only one story, some twelve to fourteen feet in height, and notwithstanding the civilisation of that wonderful period the architects of the Monarchy from the Sun had not progressed to the point of building windows.

If Captain Besley has other photographs of ancient Peruvian architecture I hope you will obtain them for *The Daily Mirror*. HUGH TUTTIE.

tion of logic and reason. It is the hysteria of a woman who throws the hotel china out of the window on to the head of a total stranger because she has quarrelled with her husband. It is a conclusive proof of the total unfitness of those women to have anything to do with the government of the country. ONE OF THE WORMS WHO TURN.

A VISION OF FLOWERS.

There grew wild wind-flowers and violets; Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth, The constellated flower that never sets; Paint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth The red scarce heaved; and that tall tower that wets— Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth— Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears. And in the warm hedge grew lush eggplants, Green coriand and the moonlight-colour'd May, And cherry-blossoms, and white cups whose wine Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day; And wild roses, and ivy serpentine. With its dark buds and leaves wandering astray; And flowers, azure, black, and streak'd with gold, Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold. —SHELLEY.

DIVORCE FOR FAMOUS BEAUTY



Mr. Goelet.

Mrs. Goelet, who is a famous beauty.

Mrs. Robert Goelet, who charged her husband with extreme cruelty, was granted a divorce at Newport, Rhode Island, yesterday. Mr. Goelet, who is one of America's multi-millionaires, is a brother of the Duchess of Roxburghe.

WIDOW LEFT ONE SHILLING.



Mrs. Osment, the widow and the testator.

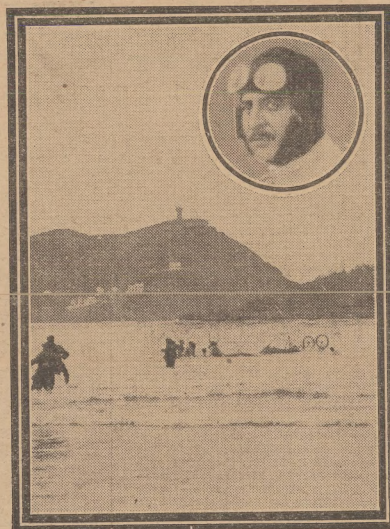
Mr. Child, a witness.

Remarkable evidence was given in the will dispute concerning the £7,700 estate of the late Daniel Nathaniel Osment, of Harringay, who died last May. Plaintiffs, the executors, propounded a will and codicil dated March 6, 1913, by which he left his wife only one shilling. William Osment, a brother, and the widow opposed the documents on the ground that the testator was not of sound mind owing to chronic alcoholism. They set up an earlier will.

LOOPING AIRMAN'S FALL TO DEATH.



The fall.

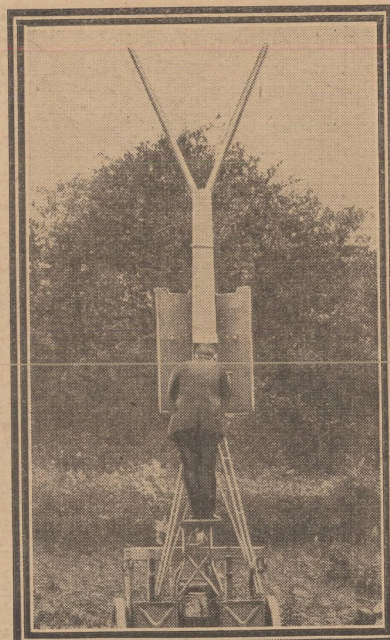


Searching for the body.

Hanouille.

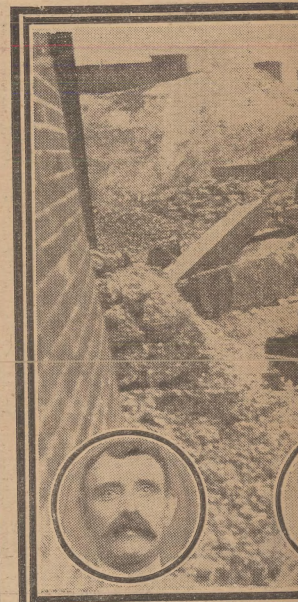
The first airman to lose his life while looping the loop is Hanouille, who was drowned at San Sebastian. He had inverted his machine at a great height when, as shown in one of the pictures, the tail broke away from the wings and fell into the sea, to the horror of the spectators.

THE HYPOSCOPE.



The hyposcope, an invention which enables an observer to see land behind a high obstacle. It is intended for use by armies.

FOUR KILLED



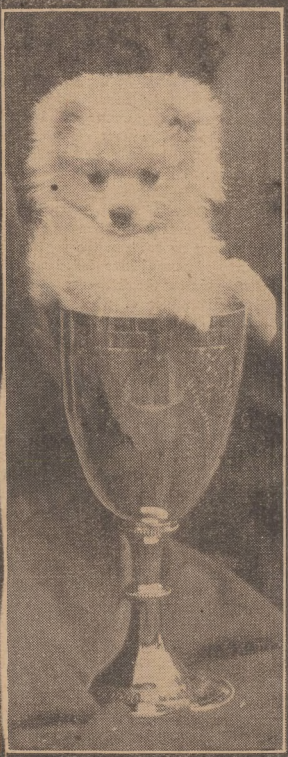
Goldfinch.

Wall which collapsed at Margate yesterday killed outright, while Mr. Wh... recent heavy rains are b...

THE CULT OF THE TINY DOG.



Quite comfortable in a wrist-bag.



A pup in a cup. It is worth £50.

Women cultivate the tiny dog nowadays. The old-fashioned breeds are no longer popular, and are only kept by mere men. It would be difficult to imagine dogs being any smaller than some of those at the Pomeranian Club's eighth annual show at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, yesterday, and expressions of delight, such as "Sweet!" and "What darlings!" were continually on the lips of the feminine visitors.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

ACCIDENT TO MME. PAVLOVA.



Mme. Pavlova, the incomparable dancer, who, it was reported yesterday, met with a slight accident while performing at St. Louis (Missouri). The accident will not necessitate the cancelling of her tour in the United States. Mme. Pavlova has given a great stimulus to the taste for artistic stage dancing.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

WALL COLLAPSE.



Russ.

Three workmen, Russ, Goldfinch and Peall, foreman of the works, died later. The have caused the accident.

HIS YOUNG DOUBLE.



Mr. Cyril Maude and a youthful imitator, who played his part in the United States, where the well-known actor is now touring.

BIRTH OF AN ENGLISH PRINCE.



The Duchess in military uniform.



The Duke.

The Duchess of Brunswick, the only daughter of the German Emperor, whose marriage marked the end of the feud between the houses of Guelph and Hohenzollern, gave birth to a son and heir yesterday. It is interesting to note that the baby boy is a Prince of Great Britain.

AFTER ALL—

AFTER you have tried every other kind of bread, after you have studied the food question from every standpoint—after *all* there is only one bread that meets every requirement of scientist—physician—food expert and the housewife who must get the greatest value for her money, and that is the Bread of Health—

TUROG

This Health Bread contains *all* the good of the golden grain—all of the wheat that is fit to eat. Palate-pleasing in its fullest sense—the most delicious bread you ever tasted. Cuts without crumbling—yet it is lightness itself. Unlike any other bread you have ever heard of—and better.

Try to-day a loaf of

Turog

Bread of Health

"All of the wheat that is fit to eat"

Guaranteed absolutely pure and unadulterated
by The Turog, Brown Flour Co. Ltd., Cardiff.

AVOID INFLUENZA DESTROYING THE GERMS

BY USING THE WORLD-RENOUNDED
DR. MACKENZIE'S
CATARRH CURE
SMELLING BOTTLE
Agreeable in use. A *ways* effective.
It also Relieves and Quickly Cures COLD in the
Head, Nasal Catarrh, Neuralgia in the Head, Pain-
ness, Dizziness, etc. A Specific for HEADACHE.
Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price 1s. or post
free in the United Kingdom. 14 stamps, from
MACKENZIE'S CURE DEPOT, READING.
REFUSE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

THE DISCOVERIES OF THE CENTURY. RADIUM v. CANCER. EAUZATE v. RHEUMATISM.

It is nothing less than extraordinary the number of people who are suffering at the present moment from rheumatism, gout, sciatica, and all uric acid troubles, and what is worse it seems that the epidemic is growing. The celebrated French rheumatic specialist, Dr. E. Hauzen, of Paris, who was recently in England, was asked if in his country there was a similar epidemic, and he replied that since science had discovered Eauzate his compatriots were more or less free from rheumatism and uric acid troubles, except in the most acute cases of long standing; and these, he maintained, would eventually be conquered by the same means. For the benefit of those who are not aware of this simple cure one has only to make up the following prescription at home at little cost. Pour 5 table-spoonfuls of vinegar on to the yolk of a fresh egg and add 75 grammes of ordinary Eauzate, which you can obtain at your chemist. Mix these ingredients well together, pour a little of this mixture into the palm of your hand, and rub same lightly on to the place where the pain is felt. Repeat this treatment once or twice a day for a few days, and you will find that the pain will entirely disappear, thus constituting a permanent cure.—E. H., M.D.

If you have grey or discoloured hair which you wish to restore to the natural colour try the French colourless preparation, Juvenale, the famous Continental hair restorer.—(Adv.)

HOW THE SOUR MILK TREATMENT WAS SAVED FOR ENGLAND.

Not many years ago the eyes of the British public were opened to the fact that they were not living nearly so long as they really ought to live.

Through the medium of the newspapers they were introduced to a new theory whereby life could be prolonged and made happier by reason of better health and sounder constitutions.

Professor Metchnikoff, the famous Russian scientist, had made the interesting and highly important discovery that the Bulgarians had amongst their comparatively small population thousands who had attained to an age undreamt of in other countries; people who, in spite of their years, were active and useful members of the community.

The discovery led Professor Metchnikoff to inquire closely into the reasons for this longevity, with the result that much useful information was gathered together, and presented to the world in concrete form, to be helpful to those who felt disposed to take advantage of it.

It was discovered that the Bulgarian peasant's daily diet was made up chiefly of a soured milk curd, or "Yahourth," a food which, on careful scientific investigation, was found to contain valuable lactic cultures, or bacilli. These cultures had the effect of clearing the system of all impurities, and keeping it sound and healthy.

The lower intestine of man is the home of millions of putrefactive germs, which, if not eliminated effectively and regularly, set up a host of diseases and cause premature decay and death.

The lactic cultures found in the Bulgarian peasants' soured milk curd made war on all harmful bacteria in the system, and so effectively did they do their work that harmful germs could not live in their presence.

It is questionable whether the more ignorant among the peasant population of Bulgaria were aware of the value of the food they habitually consumed. Doubtless many had been brought up to eating it, and did so as a matter of course.

However, Professor Metchnikoff, having made the discovery, announced it to the world in his great scientific work, "The Prolongation of Life." Considerable interest was aroused in scientific circles. The news was spread abroad, and the British public embraced the new Sour Milk Treatment with much enthusiasm.

Milk soured with these special cultures, called "The Bulgarian Bacillus," was sold in large quantities, but at high prices, and it soon became evident that the new treatment was a rich man's luxury. This was due to the fact that as the English people did not possess the native ability of the Bulgarians for preparing their soured milk curd, the work was left in the hands of manufacturers, who had to call in the assistance of scientific men at great cost; and, consequently, soured milk was only obtainable at a price.

Further, great difficulty was experienced in producing a soured milk that would keep in good condition for even a short time, and in many cases much of it proved more harmful than beneficial.

THE BRIGHTEST AND DAINTIEST LADIES' PAPER.



GIVEN AWAY!

PAPER PATTERN OF THIS BODICE with Tunic Basque is given away with No. 13 of

"OUR HOME"

On Sale everywhere to-day, 1d., by post 2d.

52 pages containing the New Fashions, profusely illustrated. First-class Stories, Social Chat, Interesting Articles, &c.

ORDER EARLY.
"OUR HOME," 6, Essex St., Strand, London, W.C.

And there was another important reason why the popularity of sour milk began to wane more rapidly than was expected—it was not pleasant to take. In fact, many would-be enthusiasts simply hated it, and were forced to give it up. Unlike the Bulgarians, they had not been brought up to it, and they could not become reconciled to the flavour.

So the Sour Milk Treatment began rapidly to lose its hold on the popular imagination, and would have faded and died ingloriously but for the discovery of a timely remedy, the outlines of which are briefly stated below.

The Difficulties Overcome by St. Ivel Ltd.

If the British nation were to enjoy permanently the benefits which sour milk diet had bestowed on others this could only be accomplished by revolutionising the whole method of preparing it. Firstly, it must be made more palatable; and, secondly, it must be produced at a cost which would bring it within the reach of all purses.

St. Ivel, Limited, the great dairy experts of Yeovil, Somerset, commenced diligently to investigate these problems.

Endless experimental tests of every description were made under the supervision of skilled bacteriologists, until at last it was decided to introduce the lactic cultures into St. Ivel Cheese, the famous and delicious cheese so widely known and consumed.

The results were in every way satisfactory. It was found that the lactic cultures lived and multiplied in St. Ivel Cheese without in any way interfering with its delicious flavour. Owing to the enormous demand, the cultures could be produced at a lower cost, and St. Ivel Lactic Cheese was sold at only a halfpenny a packet more than the ordinary St. Ivel Cheese.

This was indeed the solution of all difficulties. The lactic cultures (*Bacillus Bulgaricus*) could be taken in a highly agreeable and palatable form, at a price within the reach of everyone. This marvellous treatment, which is doing so much to conquer disease, prolong life, and promote happiness and well-being, was made at one stroke pleasant and economical—was, indeed, placed at the disposal of all mankind, instead of being reserved for only those who were possessed of ample means.

And what has been the result? The Sour Milk Treatment, with all its disadvantages, has now been forgotten, and in its place stands St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, which embodies all its great beneficent qualities.

Thousands of people are daily consuming St. Ivel Lactic Cheese with the most gratifying results. Doctors have heartily endorsed it as a food of the greatest value to health, and not only eat it regularly themselves, but freely recommend it to their patients.

If you want to live a long and healthy life make St. Ivel Lactic Cheese a regular portion of your daily diet. It is obtainable from the leading grocers and dairymen throughout the country at 6d. a packet.

On receipt of three penny stamps a large trial sample will be sent post free, together with three cubes of Ivelcon (sufficient to make three large breakfast cups of most delicious beef beverage). Address: St. Ivel, Ltd., Dept. A, Yeovil, Somerset.

The Adams's Quality—The Best.

ADAMS'S
HYGIENIC
FLOOR POLISH

The Tin in the Blue Tartan Wrapper. Beautifies and preserves Wood Floorings, Linoleums, &c., 6d. & 1/6. Made at Sheffield and sold all over the world.

By Special Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen.

Harrods

Kimono Wraps.

Dainty and inexpensive Wraps such as appeal to the woman of refinement are among the attractive features of the Harrod Early Spring Opening.



"SELKIRK."

A simple, but very effective Kimono Gown of wool back satin, finished with a border of White to the waist.
In all colours **25/9**

Ladies' Outfits, First Floor.

Harrods Ltd., London, S.W.

Richard Burbidge, Managing Director.

"BRAIN CONTROL" FOR WEAK NERVES.

A Remarkable Book for Nerve-Sufferers.

There are not a few men and women who, though apparently in good health, are really suffering from one of the many forms of neurasthenia, or nerve-weakness, without being aware of the fact.

To tell such people why they are ill, and how they can help themselves to become well, is the object of a most interesting book by Dr. Roger Vittoz, the well-known authority on nervous disorders.*

Neurasthenia, as he points out, frequently does not manifest itself so much by physical symptoms as by subtle alterations in the mind and character. Thus a man or woman who was formerly active, cheerful and sociable will become indolent, morose and self-centred.

SYMPTOMS OF NERVE-WEAKNESS.

Some people, again will become morbidly sensitive, indulging in sudden outbursts of irritability and anger, followed by fits of sadness and despair. Other signs noted by Dr. Vittoz are apathy, mental fatigue and a lack of interest in life.

In all these "psychical" symptoms, as they are called, the author finds proof of his theory that most forms of nervous weakness are associated with a lack of "brain control" which prevents the patient from concentrating his mind on any subject, leaves him at the mercy of any morbid ideas which may enter his head, and makes all work and effort distressingly painful to him.

Dr. Vittoz's method of combating this by the teaching of brain control is both simple and eminently practical, and anyone who reads his book should not find the least difficulty in understanding and putting into use the system which he recommends.

THE FIRST STEP TO HEALTH.

It appears, however, that such measures will be more successfully practised if the physical condition of the body—especially of the nervous system—is attended to first, and for this purpose a course of nutritive and tonic treatment (such as is provided by the well-known nutrient Sanatogen) is recommended.

For, as Dr. Vittoz points out, "every neurasthenic lacks will-power," the higher centres of his brain being in a starved and enervated condition, and Sanatogen, we are told, "is an ideal food for feeding the brain-cells and exciting the will-power to vigorous action."

This is from an article in the "Medical Press and Circular," which continues as follows:—

"Sanatogen possesses nutritive qualities of the highest value; is readily absorbed; supplies the necessary filipp to the heart, stomach, liver and other organs; and has an immediate and remarkable effect, shown by a steady increase of weight and of muscular strength and energy; the patient sleeps, the colour is brought back to his cheeks, his energy of body and mind is restored, and he loses his depression of spirits."

The writer has laid stress on these points because it is evident that anyone who wishes to try Dr. Vittoz's system will find in Sanatogen a valuable adjunct to it.

But methods of brain control need not appeal only to the neurasthenic. "Perfect health," says Dr. Vittoz, "is impossible without brain control"—and so is success, one might add. One of the most successful authors of to-day, for instance—Mr. Arnold Bennett—has written several books on brain control and the development of will-power, on much the same lines as those laid down by Dr. Vittoz, and he is himself a strong advocate for the use of Sanatogen. "Its tonic effect on me," he writes, "is simply wonderful."

The reader, therefore, whether he suffers from nerve-weakness or merely wishes to increase his brain-power to its maximum capacity, can be recommended to adopt Dr. Vittoz's system, and to combine with it a course of Sanatogen. As is well-known, the proprietors of that preparation, A. Wulff and Co., offer Trial Supplies of Sanatogen, and those who wish to obtain one should write to them, mentioning "The Daily Mirror" and enclosing a penny stamp for postage. Their address is 12, Chancery-street, London, W.C.—(Adv't.)

* The Treatment of Neurasthenia by Teaching Brain Control, by Dr. Roger Vittoz. Longmans, Green and Co.

OUR SERIAL.

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE, STORY EVER WRITTEN.

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

ELAINE CASSILLIS, a radiantly happy young bride, sends her husband,

ROBERT CASSILLIS, who goes daily to the City to his business. One day she discovers that he is receiving passionate love letters from

AGATHA ESBORN, a pretty woman, a few years older than herself. Elaine explains that Miss Esborn has been pestering him with her attentions. Miss Esborn has put money into his business, and owing to a technical interpretation of the law, it is in her power to have a warrant issued for his arrest.

Robert is made bankrupt and goes abroad to avoid arrest. Elaine's baby, a boy, is born, and Robert is implored to go to her. He tells her that he owes his ruin to an unscrupulous trade rival.

TIFFANY RILEY, and it transpires that Miss Esborn is in his pay. Elaine, finding that Miss Graham, gets employment as a typist in Tiffany Riley's office. One day Miss Esborn calls, and before she enters Tiffany Riley tells Elaine to hide behind a screen and take down what Miss Esborn says.

Tiffany Riley tells Miss Esborn he has no further need of her services, and adds that he himself has had a man sent from Scotland Yard to arrest Robert Cassillis. When Elaine returns to her, finding Robert has already been arrested. He is defended by his friend,

PETER ROSS, a barrister, but is found guilty of misappropriation of £5,000 and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment.

"I WIN TIFFANY RILEY'S CONFIDENCE."

PETER ROSS had believed that Robert's conviction would result in my collapse. He obtained permission for me to visit Robert before his trial, and, as he was in prison, and that was all he could do, though he busied himself energetically in an attempt to secure an appeal against the judgment.

He was stricken to the heart by what had happened, and my attitude evidently puzzled him, for he watched me closely whenever we were together during the days after the conviction.

If Peter Ross was puzzled, I, too, was puzzled. I, too, was at a loss to understand myself. I have said that I am capable to write my most intimate thoughts, and yet I find myself shrinking from setting down the things that passed through my mind during the earlier days of our awful calamity. For despite the deep love and pity in my heart for Robert, I found myself chiefly occupied by an intense, cold hatred of Tiffany Riley.

What a thing to do! What an incredible thing he had done! And, through it all, he went about his ordinary business, smoking expensive cigars, issuing orders and living the smooth, luxurious life of an immensely rich man.

In thinking now of my state of mind I can see plainly that the courage that enabled me to retain my place in Tiffany Riley's office, to go about my work in these awful circumstances came to me as a result of this intense determination to continue the fight on Robert's behalf. Some day I felt power had been given me to strike a blow at Robert's enemy. He, or whoever that power was to come, I was unable to guess. But, of one thing I was sure, nothing could turn me from my purpose, which was to pursue Tiffany Riley as he had pursued Robert. My position was strong—I was in his office—in the citadel of the enemy, and he believed me nothing more than an unmarried girl who had proved herself an exceptionally competent typist and stenographer.

I had been obliged to engage a little girl to look after our boy during the day, and it was only when I returned to the little fellow at night that my mood occasionally softened. And even then, though my heart beat, and beautiful pictures of what might have been tantalised my mind, I still showed very little feminine weakness.

I grew to love the boy passionately as the only thing left to me in the world, but even my motherhood seemed somehow less gentle than it should have been.

In the office, working for Tiffany Riley, I became more and more able to please him with my alertness and quickness.

It was as though I were myself, and my senses were awake. The fine instinct that lies dormant in all women, good and bad, had been aroused in me. I was stirred to the depths of my soul, and I was inflexibly determined. I knew that I had become formidable and dangerous.

Day after day, for two or three hours at a time, I sat in Tiffany Riley's private room. I became used to all his habits. His superficial good looks that had attracted my notice the first time I saw him no longer deceived me. I saw that the large, well-moulded mouth was cruel, that the shape of his chin was harsh, and that the blue eyes that looked handsome belied his true character.

One summer now, and he took to coming to the office in suits of light grey, which became him well. He also wore a light grey Homburg hat, and whereas at first when I went to him as typist he would not curtsy upon entering and keep his hat on, he had now crossed the room, he now removed his hat and made a remark upon the weather before seating himself and beginning his dictation of the letters.

His growing friendliness interested me. Once or twice when I was about to go from the room, he moved forward and opened the door for me.

I was able to smile at him. Indeed, my manner in those days would have deceived the closest observer, my face had become a mask. And it was only when my mind went to Robert, and mentally I pictured his sufferings, that my feelings would show occasionally, a fear would shoot through me that this amazing inflexibility of purpose might shut out from my personal world to do—and that was exactly what I wanted.

Day after day I exerted myself to further win the confidence of Mr. Riley, and my efforts appeared to be successful, for he gave me more and more of his personal world to do—and that was exactly what I wanted.

I was not now afraid of Miss Esborn coming to the office, for Peter Ross informed me that she was abroad, and thus the one great danger of being

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BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

The World's Appetiser



H.P. Sauce

is a revelation
in sauce manufacture.

You can taste the delicious Oriental fruits and spices, which are so perfectly blended with Pure Malt Vinegar that no one flavour predominates.

You need not shake the bottle, there is no sediment, the last drop is as delicious as the first.

Be sure it's the
one and only
H. P. Sauce.



HOW YOU MAY EASILY REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT.

There is, perhaps, no class of people to whom the present-day fashions seem more impossible than those who have been so unfortunate as to take on excessive weight. With some the fat is equally distributed over the entire body, while with others some particular part of the body seems to be affected, such as double chin, fat hips, etc.

The cause of fat accumulating in certain parts of the body is defective circulation of the blood; with excessive fat in general, the cause is due to faulty assimilation and lack of oxygen carrying power in the blood. Improper methods may reduce you for a time, but in order to obtain a perfect and permanent reduction you should go to any good chemist and get oil of orlene in capsule form (be sure to get the genuine, which is sold in packages, never sold loose), and take one capsule with each meal and one at bed-time. In many cases this reduces the weight at the rate of 1 lb. per day. It simply dissolves all the fat in the system, and, whether this is a local affection or whether it is distributed evenly over the entire body.

This simple home remedy improves the health by driving poisonous fatty tissues from the system, leaves no flatulencies, wrinkles or other traces of excessive fat. Many people take oil of orlene in capsule form as a blood purifier, and find it remarkably good, but as a sure way of permanent fat reduction, oil of orlene certainly cannot be improved upon. Any good chemist has it, or will get it for you.—E. J. T.—(Adv't.)

A NEW HOME TREATMENT FOR MAKING STRAIGHT HAIR WAVY AND FLUFFY.

Many a charming face is spoiled by straight, lank and excessively greasy hair. Naturally curly hair gives a most charming effect to even a plain face, a fact which unfortunately has been known for many years. This knowledge alone has resulted in the ruin of thousands of heads of beautiful hair by slow torture, from that terrible instrument, the curling iron. Imagine if you could have the living hair squirms and twists under such treatment. Yet this is the very result you aim at. Well, I have no doubt that each one individually is of the opinion that the results justify the means, but let me tell you that the reckoning will have to be paid, and in a manner which will be far from pleasant. The twists and curls, which are made of iron are the hair's dying contortions, and it is only a question of time when you will have no hair left to torture. If it is absolutely necessary to have wavy hair then there is a far more simple and harmless process, which any woman may adopt without fear as to the results. Get from your chemist two ounces of silmerine, and pour about two tablespoonsful into a saucer. With a clean toothbrush apply this to the hair upon retiring. You will be quite amazed at the result, and one application will last for many days. Damp weather need have no terrors for you if you take these simple precautions, and straight wispy tails will be converted into tight little curls.—(Adv't.)

discovered there by someone who knew me was averted.

One day when I was called into Mr. Riley's room in the afternoon I found a bunch of violets on my desk.

There was an awkward moment as I looked at the flowers and then at Mr. Riley, who was lighting one of his long cigars.

"Are you fond of flowers?" he asked, looking at me over the blaze of the match.

"Oh, very fond," I answered, "very fond indeed."

I took up the little fragrant bouquet and held it to my face for a moment; then I placed the flowers back on the desk and seated myself to work.

I knew Mr. Riley had bought them for me, and I thanked him not too effusively.

One afternoon a week later when I had finished taking down from dictation I turned and saw Tiffany Riley's eyes fixed on me with a quiet, intent gaze.

I had surprised him in that look two or three times before, and swiftly, as a flash as it were, feminine intuition at last interpreted it for me. There was no vanity in my interpretation—merely sheer conviction which made me mentally utter the words:—

"I can make this man love me—I can make Tiffany Riley love me!"

"A FELLOW SUFFERER."

MRS. GRAHAM stood upon the threshold of my little room.

"Won't be in to supper, ma'am?" she inquired in answer to a remark of mine.

"No," I said, "I'm dining out to-night."

She eyed me in surprise, but I gave her no information as to where I was going, and merely asked her if she would be kind enough to take care of the boy in my absence.

When Mr. Graham had gone I took out my one evening dress, a quiet-looking costume, and very carefully I dressed myself and re-did my hair.

There had been a press of work at the office, and Mr. Riley had informed me that I was to come to his house in Berkeley-square, and after dinner we were to get rid of the surplus work.

Almost day by day now I felt his interest in me increase, and the situation was full of a bitter irony. For the more I saw of him, the more I despised him, grew my contempt and dislike of him. I admitted his strength and power, his immense forcefulness, and I hated him for using his wealth to ruin Robert.

It was he, and not Miss Esborn, who was really responsible for what had happened. And there were times during those early months when I worked with him that I found it almost impossible to control myself! Again and again words rose to my lips which I should have regretted. If in a sudden moment of anger I were to turn and speak the truth to him, were to tell him what I thought of him, with what loathing and hate I regarded him—what would he think? How quickly the

first words which I uttered would be turned to him now would have been stricken from his face. It had never occurred to me to visualise Tiffany Riley in his home life, and when I arrived that evening at his house in Berkeley-square and was ushered into the hall by a tall footman, I was almost startled by the splendour of my surroundings.

The servant ascended a broad flight of thickly-carpeted steps and flinging open the door of the drawing-room announced my name.

Mr. Riley, wearing evening dress, the first time I had seen him in this apparel, was standing at the fireplace. And, with a swift glance, I took in the luxury and opulence of the room.

There was a superb, slender-legged grand piano of rich-looking yellow wood with paintings in the Watteau style upon its polished exterior. There were pictures upon the walls, several of which I had seen in reproduction a score of times. There were two large, heavy velvet curtains of a beautiful and costliness that I felt must be unsurpassed. There were two or three large gilt-framed mirrors, a few books upon a low table inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The hearth was of white marble, and the curtains at the windows of dull gold brocade harmonised subtly with the tints of the piano, with the delicate rose-coloured carpet, with the rich browns, yellows and reds of the pictures.

And this, I thought, as I moved forward, was but one of many rooms of equal richness.

What a contrast it was to Robert's and my little home that I had once thought a paradise. And yet, if Robert had been fighting in a fair field, and had scope to exercise his talents, this luxury might have been ours!

In driving Robert out of business, in ruining him and dragging him to the ever-darkening gates of the grave, Mr. Riley had merely been sweeping a business rival from his path. So far as I could see, his conscience did not trouble him in the least. What did it matter if one man were trampled in the mire so that his own path were made smooth?

Tiffany Riley was advancing to greet me as these thoughts crossed my mind. I saw a look of frank admiration in his eyes. He had never seen

(Continued on page 13.)

"RHEUMATISM AND NERVOUS HEADACHES." "IT IS THE CURE."

Says Mr. John Graham, 16a, Brook-street, London-road, Carlisle. Read his letter:—

"For Rheumatism and all Nervous Headaches I can truly say Kephaldol is the cure, and the only cure. By the time I had taken the third dose I had no doubt as to its safety and pain-relieving effect. I suffered for twenty years, though I tried the best medical men in this town. I write this for the sake of others."

That is gratifying to you, Mr. Graham wants others to know the value of Dr. Stohr's Kephaldol, the premier remedy for the relief of pain, as all chemists will tell you. It's safe, certain, immediate, permanent.—(Adv't.)

PERILOUS DAYS FOR THE HAIR. MARCH THE MONTH WHEN THE HAIR "BEGIN'S TO GO"— TRAGIC RESULTS OF HAIR NEGLECT AT THIS CRITICAL PERIOD.

Those whose hair is already "growing thin" should be especially careful during the next few treacherous weeks. A long winter indoors and fresh air and sunshine have weakened the hair so that it falls at a rapid rate. Your own brush and comb tell the tragic tale. Help your hair over the danger period by "criticizing it with Tatcho."

The gentle stimulation of this proven remedy will not merely save the hairs that are "trembling in the balance," but will encourage the new "spring growth." It will add a new luxuriance and beauty you will be delighted to find the combings grow fewer instead of more and more. Take advantage of the special March offer of a large bottle of Tatcho containing sufficient for a whole month's treatment. Tatcho will succeed with you as it did in the case of

MR. GEO. R. SIMS.

(Photo by Lewis, Eastbourne.)

Lady Collins, Lady Sykes, P. Wolfe Murray, Commander E.M. "Bita," the famous Novelist, Col. E. Ferry, and to thousands who have written their grateful thanks to Mr. Sims

TATCHO'S OFFER.

A Full Size 4s. 6d. Bottle for 1s. 10d.

Take the opportunity afforded you by this unique concession—made in order to give effect to Mr. Sims' expressed wish that his Tatcho should be the exclusive privilege of the wealthy, but should save the hair of all, rich and poor alike. You have only to cut out the coupon below, post it with 1s. 10d., and the Company formed under Mr. G. R. Sims' auspices will send a full-sized 4s. 6d. bottle post free to your home.

**This Coupon brings you a
4/6 Bottle for 1/10.**

We authorise our Chief Chemist to send to the applicant who forwards this Coupon a regular 4s. 6d. bottle of TATCHO enough for at least one month's carriage and packing paid to the applicant's own door, at the nominal price of 1s. 10d.

Dr. Geo. R. Sims
Chief Chemist

5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.
Tatcho is sold by Chemists and Stores
all over the World, 1s., 2s., 3d., and 4s. 6d.

MOTHER KNOWS

what is good for the little ones
that is why she always insists on

Golden Shred

Marmalade

The purest orange preserve, which retains all the flavour and the tonic virtues of the fruit.
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT.
ROBERTSON—Only Maker.

TO CURE

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness and head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in many instances has effected a complete cure after all else has failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear a watch tick have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear.

Therefore if you know someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrh, or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home, and is made as follows:

Secure from your chemist 1 oz. Parmint (Double Strength), about 2s. 6d. worth. Take this home, and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 4 ozs. mace or granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headache, dulness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh; therefore, there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple home treatment.

Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness, or catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.

IMPORTANT.—In ordering Parmint from your chemist you should specify that you want Double Strength. Should he not have it in stock, write to the International Laboratories, Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., who make a speciality of it.—(Adv't.)

FOUR PERFECT TYPES OF WOMEN'S FIGURES

Right Way to Approximate to Them in

Dress—Heavy Corsets Merely Pull

Figure Out of Shape.

One great fallacy of dress will be exploded at *The Daily Mirror* Dress Matinee at the Royal Albert Hall next Wednesday afternoon. It is not necessary for every woman to try to look slim.

The youthful, slender woman who has been the subject of universal admiration in all periods of dress will lose none of her hold on fashion, but the advent of the natural figure, which is to be the predominant note of the season, has brought recognition to other types of physical beauty.

The fashionable corsetiere of today, in fact, recognises no fewer than four "perfect types." This is how they are described by the managers of the Sandow Corset Company, who will be one of the chief *Daily Mirror* demonstrators at the Albert Hall:—

Perfect slim.
Perfect Directorate, or medium
figure.

Perfect average, short or tall.
Perfect full figure, short or
tall.

"Every woman," said *The Daily Mirror* professor, "must approach, more or less nearly, one of these types, and it will be the object of the demonstration to show how all the figure ranges, from the dumphy to the angular, may be brought into line by individual corseting—to the banishment of 'freak standards.'"

"Excess of breadth may easily be rectified, not by heavy, unyielding bands, which merely accentuate it, and pull the figure out of shape, but by delicate adjustments of the corset to the figure itself."

"Where the figure is what may be described as uniformly wide, the lines should be gradually shaped, not suddenly rammed in, like a Y on either side. This is not a waist, it is a corsetion."

For three days a staff of clerks has been busy dispatching free tickets for Wednesday's great

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 123.



Who could wish for a prettier picture! Prices of £10 and 100 pounds will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of names of the originals with the best summary of their merits at the end of the twenty-six weeks during which the portraits appear.—(Dover Street Studios.)

dress matinee. Every post brings in hundreds of applications, and Albert Hall tickets for reserved seats are sent off free of charge as the letters are received.

Many women readers who live at a distance from town intimate their intention of travelling to London on the previous evening, so as to give them plenty of time on the great day. As every part of the hall is being rapidly booked up a week in advance it is necessary to write at once to prevent disappointment. Letters should be addressed to *The Daily Mirror* Office, marked "Dress Matinee" in the top left-hand corner.

NEW GOWN THAT SPOTS.

What To Do Will Be Shown at "The Daily Mirror" Display To-morrow.

What woman has not suffered the agony of finding her beautiful new gown spotted with rain the very first time she puts it on?

Mr. R. W. Sindall, F.C.S., in the course of to-morrow's *Daily Mirror* lecture-demonstration in the costume showroom on the first floor of Messrs.

"DAILY MIRROR" DEMONSTRATIONS

TO-MORROW—"All the new colours and new Dress and Silk Materials of the Season." At Messrs. Wallis's Holborn-circus, E.C., at 3 p.m. Practical lessons in dyeing by Mr. R. W. Sindall, F.C.S. No tickets necessary.

WEDNESDAY NEXT—Dress Matinee, Royal Albert Hall, 3 p.m. Parade of the newest creations of London and Paris. Exposition of the science of corseting. Dyeing of music and dyeing. Write to-day for free tickets to *The Daily Mirror* Offices, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.

Wallis's, Holborn-circus, E.C., will explain a simple method by which this can be avoided.

Instead of putting your new dress in ottoman or wardrobe, swathed in reams of tissue paper, directly it comes home, the scientific thing to do," he says, "is to give it a little fresh air, so as to acclimatise it for its first outing."

"This will mellow the surface, and, by helping the dress to reach a normal condition of moisture, render it very unlikely to spot."

Pressing over with a damp cloth, as some women do, is condemned as a dangerous practice, likely to ruin the gloss. There is an additional risk in this, as when the gown is made up the grain is not all the same way.

Newly-named colourings and the most novel materials will form a feature of the demonstration.

"We shall show at least five entirely new colours which should delight women who like to combine novelty with beauty," said Mr. D. Reynolds, one of the directors, and head of the dress materials department. They are:—

Cactus—the new lime. Nuttlet blue—the new sage.
Fetion red—the new tango. Gazelle—the new sand.
Aluminium—the new grey.

"Wonderful improvements, making them practically new materials, will be found in ratine, tango crêpes, sponge, and popline, while a newcomer in washing cotton with velvet face is voluminous in addition to this fascinating display of novelties—further particulars of which will be told to-morrow—Mr. Sindall will unveil many of the secrets of the Laboratory of Fashion. In a causerie entitled "From Fibre to Fabric," he will tell the romantic story of the evolution of new materials and new colours, bringing model looms and dye pots for the purpose of practical illustration.

No tickets are necessary for this demonstration, but, as it will be a popular one, we advise our readers should make a point of being early.

HOW CAN HOSPITAL PATIENTS GET MORE SLEEP?

More Nurses, So That There May Be
Three Shifts Instead of Two.

By NURSE ASHEY.

Nurses will be decidedly interested in *The Daily Mirror's* inquiries, reported yesterday, into the complaints of hospital patients that they are awakened too early in the morning.

Where is the remedy? Nurses do not wake patients earlier than is absolutely necessary. The nurse is busy from the very moment that she rouses the first patient to the time she goes off duty. In fact, these hours are her hardest.

We want more nurses. There ought to be three shifts instead of two as at present, and then for a little while in the morning two sets of nurses could be on duty together. They would dispose of the work in half the time that it takes a single staff and they could start bed-making and washing later, and so let the patients sleep much longer than they sleep now.

CHANCES OF DAY "NAP."

The statement of "the house surgeon of a great London hospital" that, "patients are on their backs all day," must not be taken as an indication that they can sleep all day.

To begin with, the natural time for sleep is night and not day. To go on with, there is the noise and bustle of the ward during the day to be remembered. A hospital ward is not the quiet, peaceful haven as represented by so many writers of fiction. There is always "something doing."

There is much more going on at times than there ought to be—too many visitors, too many worthy people who are so deeply concerned with the spiritual welfare of the sick that they forget altogether the importance of matters temporal.

Many a time have I found it necessary to re-monstrate with a lady tract-distributor who did not stop to look if a patient were asleep before sitting by his bedside and beginning her usual "quiet talk."

WHY HAIR FALLS OUT.

THE CAUSE—AND ITS PREVENTION.
Dr. N. DUCLAUD.

Your hair falls out either because the roots shrivel up and die, or because the scalp relaxes and loosens its hold upon the hair roots. This is almost invariably due to dandruff germs which rob the hair of its nutrition, actually starving it to death. To stop falling hair and prevent total or partial baldness the dandruff germ must be destroyed. For this purpose, physicians and hair specialists now invariably prescribe a lotion composed of 4 dram menthol crystals, 3 ounces of bay rum, and one ounce of lavons de composé. Rub well into the scalp with the finger tips, and every dandruff germ will be destroyed within two or three days. The hair will stop falling out and begin to grow at an amazing rate, and brittle and scanty hair will quickly become soft, glossy and luxuriant. The results following the use of this formula are so truly remarkable that I strongly advise every reader whose hair falls out to give it a trial at once.—(Adv't.)

British-made Cotton Wash Fabric

TOBRALCO

White & Wide Variety of Colors

"—it absolutely
refuses to
wear out"

—writes a lady about
Tobralco. The soundest
wash cotton in the drapers.
Washes beautifully and
seems never to look the worse
for wear. More attractive
patterns than ever this year.

93d — yard
for Self
White
27-28 inches wide. 104d.

The TOBRALCO ANNUAL for 1914
contains useful information and
amusement of any kind; new dress
styles, and 59 number red pen terms of
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Manufacturers also of Tannin for dainty
home sewn linings; Tobral's Flare, double
hose; Ladies' Handkerchiefs, collars, and
Handkerchiefs for Men; Total Shirtings for Men.



"Honey-sweet
mind, 'as it's
Tobralco and
washes so nice."

Old and New Cooks.

In the days of our grandpapa's cooks were mostly uneducated people whose principle capacity was that of enduring excessive heat. They stood before roaring fires and watched the roasting of huge joints and the boiling of heavy, indigestible puddings. In this enlightened century all sensible people realise the importance of good food properly cooked. One does not hear so much about "valiant meat-eaters." They have learnt that Nature's finest food is not flesh-meat, but grape sugar. Furthermore, they have found out the best way of enjoying and getting the full benefit of that wonderful substance, which is by eating liberally of Currants, the little fruit which is practically all grape sugar, and, therefore, all pure nutriment. Here is a recipe prepared by a man of European fame. Try it to-day.

Current Marmalade Pudding.

4oz. bread crumbs, 4oz. suet, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. marmalade, 4oz. currants, 2oz. flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful milk.

Method.—Mix all the ingredients together; grease a pudding basin or mould with butter and dust with sugar. Put in the mixture, cover with greased paper and steam 3 hours.

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and Organ catalogue ever issued. It is free.

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SLASHED VENUS GOING ON WELL.

Seven Wounds on the Road to
Skillful Healing.

There is good news about the Rokeby Venus! The *Daily Mirror* was informed yesterday that the work of restoring it was progressing steadily and favourably and that there was every likelihood that the famous picture would eventually present the appearance it always had in the past. It is possible to detect the cuts and damage by very minute inspection.

The work of restoration, *The Daily Mirror* was further informed, would be completed in a week or two.

It will be remembered that there were seven distinct injuries to the canvas, on the most important part of the work. Six of them were clean cuts, and the seventh and more important one was a ragged, bruised injury. The latter one requires the most expert and careful treatment.

A special concession has been made to students: the National Gallery will be partially reopened for their benefit to-day. The picture will be in the room which they may enter being Room No. 1, and the rooms to the west of it.

So far as the general public is concerned, the gallery will remain closed for at least a week, and possibly for longer.

In the meantime the work of restoring is one that requires great skill in this particular case. It is not so much the damage to the actual canvas: it is the amount of pigment work which has been displaced which presents the greatest difficulty.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

9. BISHOPGATE, E.C. An outstanding feature in the Stock Exchange yesterday was a further fall of a quarter to 74 13-16 in Consols on the political anxieties. Home and Foreign Rails also remained depressed.

Although comparing unfavourably with that of a year ago, the Rio Tinto dividend, announced yesterday afternoon, was better than the market had expected, and the price of the shares sprang 11 to 70½. The final dividend is 3s. a share, against the general estimate of 30s., and makes 75s. for the year, while £74,000 is placed to depreciation and £180,000 is carried forward. A year ago the dividend was 50s. a share, making 90s. for the year; £150,670 was placed to depreciation, £5,000 to staff provident fund, and £194,596 was carried forward.

Rather more cheerful news is to hand from Mexico. The service of the Public Debt of Mexico, as recently stated, has been suspended by decree of the Mexican President, dated January 12 last, but the coupon due on April 1 of the Mexican 5 per Cent. External Consolidated Gold Loan of 1890 will, it is now announced, be paid in full, although only two of the three necessary monthly remittances have been made.

There was no change in Amalgamated Press, Associated Newspaper and Patriotic Newspaper prices.

HUGE PROGRAMME OF DRESS MATINEE

A remarkable programme has been arranged for the great *Daily Mirror* Dress Matinee, at the Albert Hall, next Wednesday afternoon.

To illustrate the fact that "the corset is the basis of all schemes of dress there will be one of the most wonderful displays of new gowns ever brought together in London or Paris, worn by an army of beautiful mannequins.

Miss Phyllis Bellis, premiere danseuse, from the Empire Theatre; Miss Bertie, actress prima donna, from the Manhattan Opera House, New York; Miss Fritz de Dera, Hungarian classical dancer; Miss Dorothy Anderson, South African contralto; Miss Kavanagh, mezzo-soprano, among the distinguished singers and dancers who will contribute to the entertainment.

Tickets (free) are to be obtained from *The Daily Mirror* Office, to which early application should be made. Full particulars are given daily on the Woman's Page. See Page 12 to-day.

WINDMILL HATS.

Hats with trimmings like windmills and fly-away hats with four or five little feathers queerly arranged around the crown are among the fantastic modes now being shown for the spring.

One large black hat was more reminiscent of the helmet of the Black Prince than anything else. It was trimmed with black feathers.

For the spring, too, there are hats trimmed with two little ornaments which look like half-open umbrellas.

Elephant Order for Prince of Wales.

The Order of the Elephant, says Reuter, has been conferred on the Prince of Wales by the King of Denmark at Copenhagen.

New Poor Takos His Seat.

Lord Rothermere (Sir Harold Harmsworth), introduced by Lord Colebrooke and Lord Northcliffe, took his seat in the House of Lords yesterday.

Blacut Scouts Inspected.

Visiting the big factory of Messrs. Peck, Frean and Co. Reading yesterday, General Sir Baden-Powell inspected the firm's troop of boy scouts—the first industrial scouts in the kingdom.

Tragedy of Lying Tongues.

Dr. Plummer, of West Bromwich, was found dead in his bath yesterday, the main artery of the leg having been cut, and it is thought that false allegations made against him in reference to the death of a patient had preyed on his mind.

OUR SERIAL.

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE

(Continued from page 11.)

me with my hair dressed for the evening before—he had never seen me in anything but in the plainest of office apparel. Clearly my appearance was a revelation to him. He treated me as if I were an honoured guest, and the mask on my face hid my thoughts from him. The impulse to make him love me, to make him suffer through loving me, had come into my mind often of late, but I had never vigorously repressed it. I repressed it now—I made no effort to gain his admiration or even his attention. My manner was aloof and merely businesslike. The strangeness of our situation, the fact that I was a typist, that he knew me only as an unmarried girl, and that I had roused his admiration made me aware that I was drifting towards a difficult position. And yet I was so keenly desirous of grasping at any straw to help Robert that I meant to play my part with all the intelligence I possessed.

"You are looking positively superb to-night, Miss Graham!" He was smiling, but even a smile could not modify the hardness of his face, and I could not attract attention from the ruthless angle of his jaw and the cruel mouth. "Positively superb!" he repeated. "But, of course, I ought not to say this."

As he spoke the door of the drawing-room opened and someone entered. I saw Tiffany Riley glance over my shoulder with a sullen, hard look on his face. Then when he saw that I was watching him his expression altered.

"I do not think you would be down for a good ten minutes yet," said Riley, speaking to the person who had entered.

I turned then, and saw a woman of forty or forty-five advancing slowly into the room. Her hair was grey; she wore a black evening dress not quite in the latest fashion; her face was sallow and long and thin. About her neck she wore a collar of pearls, and there were bracelets on her thin wrists; magnificent rings twinkled on her fingers. She was looking at Tiffany Riley with an expression of fear in her eyes, and as she advanced she fidgeted with a fan which she held in her hands.

"Rose," said Riley, in a hard, cold voice, "Rose," this is Miss Graham. Miss Graham—my wife."

I was utterly taken aback by the announcement. I had never heard he was a married man, nor had I thought of him as such. His obvious anxiety during the past few weeks had instantly taken on in my mind a new aspect. My loathing for the man increased—the longer I knew him the more my detestation of his character seemed justified.

Rose Riley put out her cold, hard hand for me to shake. And as we greeted each other I looked into her face and saw tragedy written plain upon it. Her face was drawn and weary-looking, and in her large, blue-like eyes there was an expression of pathos and timidity. Whenever she looked at her husband she seemed to be trying to placate him, to keep him in good humour.

Even in that first moment I guessed that Tiffany Riley had led her life with tragedy.

When we descended to dinner, which was served in a magnificent long apartment furnished entirely with articles brought from Vienna, I was given a glimpse of Tiffany Riley's real home life.

Clearly he was coldly polite to his wife, but underlying his politeness there was contempt and a suggestion of trying to make his wife a butt for my amusement. When dinner was ended Mr. Riley rose and held the door for us as we went back to the drawing-room.

"Have you been long with my husband?" asked Mrs. Riley the moment we were alone.

"Not very long," I answered, and as we ascended the stairs I was conscious she was studying my face.

"Do you mind," she said, in a voice that was singularly gentle, "do you mind if I say you are very, very pretty?"

I thought her rather eccentric that evening, but later, when I came to know her better, I changed my mind. My first impressions were right—she was a woman whose happiness had been crushed out of her who trembled always on the verge of nervous breakdown. She was afraid of her husband as an animal might be afraid of a cruel master.

On my second visit to the house about a week later, Mrs. Riley and I had a long talk together. And suddenly she put her lean hand on mine.

"You have suffered, my dear," she said; "I can tell you have suffered by your eyes—not by your face, but by your eyes."

I was startled to think that she had read me so easily. I had been a little too sure of the mask I wore to hide my sufferings, but she showed no curiosity as to my life, and by degrees I seemed to drop into the relations of a friend towards her. I was sorry for her.

Mr. Riley came in then, and I sat at a table in the drawing-room while he dictated his letters.

I was always waiting and hoping and hoping for something which would arise to enable me to help Robert. The old timid Elaine seemed to have completely died—I was now a woman with a purpose, with one single idea in life! And my position was strong! For these enormously rich people who had built up their wealth at Robert's expense had not the slightest idea that I was a spy in their house—and that all day at the office I was a spy!

I believed then that I loved Robert and hate of the man who had ruined him had hardened my character. How little I understood myself!

"Take a letter, Miss Graham, please."

"We are in the drawing-room," said Tiffany Riley's house in Berkeley-square, and he strode the carpet looking masterful and debonair in his evening clothes. He had endeavoured to manoeuvre Mrs. Riley out of the room, but she seemed to have grown obstinate. The inanimate, gentle-eyed woman whose spirit had been crushed, seemed not so gentle as I thought her. I had known her for two months now, and we were outwardly the best of friends. But there were depths in her character that I felt I had by no means fathomed. The

BEGIN IT TO-DAY

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE

(Continued from page 11.)

sensitive, fawn-like eyes, I felt, hid secrets both from me and from her husband!

"Take a letter, Miss Graham, please," Mr. Riley had said.

I opened my book and wrote at his dictation. During a pause I looked up, waiting thoughtfully, and I saw Mrs. Tiffany Riley's eyes travel from her husband's face to mine and back again. The look she gave me was curiously watchful, curiously calculating, and in a flash I was aware she knew her husband loved me!

Little meaningless phrases uttered by her in the past few weeks joined themselves together and became weighted with meaning. She knew that Tiffany Riley loved me! But did she know more than that? Was she aware of my feelings towards him—the intense animosity that lay behind the smiling mask of my face—was she aware of that? I could not tell.

And again Tiffany Riley dictated a letter.

"Dear Carmichael—Greg has telephoned me to-night that the list of customers belonging to C— was taken from his office after the bankruptcy by a man called Parsons. Get into touch with Greg immediately, get Parsons's address. If he is still loyal to Cassilis offer him any reasonable salary. We can't expand further till we get the list. It's up to you to get hold of this fellow Parsons. He's an old man. Pretend that you want to buy his experience. I must hear that something has been done by three o'clock tomorrow afternoon." He stopped abruptly.

"That letter, Miss Graham," he said, "must go by express messenger. You can write it out here in longhand, and send it at once."

I nodded acquiescence, and instantly began to transcribe the letter.

I had waited, and waited, and waited, and now at last, after months, I had discovered something!

I knew nothing of Robert's business, or of a list or whatever it might be that Tiffany Riley wanted to get hold of, but of one thing I was certain—he should never get it!

I was transcribing the letter when a servant entered to call Mr. Riley to the telephone. Mrs. Riley and I were alone in the room, the vast, luxurious chamber, with its carpet of old rose, its gorgeous grand piano, with the painted panels and the honey-coloured polished wood. My pen glided over the paper, and the silence of the room was broken by a soft movement. A shadow darkened my book—I looked up to find Mrs. Riley standing motionless before me.

"Why are you working for my husband?"

I stared at her in utter amazement, and was conscious of a sudden quickening of the beat of my heart.

"Working for your husband, Mrs. Riley?" I inquired. "For my living, of course, and I am conscious to call an easy smile to my lips, and was as staid as that I failed."

Mrs. Riley leaned gently forward, putting her thin, white hand, ablaze with rings, palm down upon the table.

"Why do you work under a false name?"

"A false name, Mrs. Riley?" I repeated. "I—I don't understand you!"

Unconsciously I had risen, and we were looking at each other across the narrow width of the table.

"I don't understand you!" I repeated.

For a moment Mrs. Riley's lips moved oddly, then she spoke.

"Your false name," she said, with slow and careful articulation, "is Mrs. Robert Cassilis."

From this exciting point the story will be continued to-morrow.

To get rid of ACIDITY

Acidity caused by undigested food is very injurious to the system, and gives rise to many unpleasant and sometimes alarming symptoms. A fancied weakness of the heart may be due simply to indigestion.

Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory and Moore, are a simple, harmless, yet most effective remedy for digestive troubles. They absorb and remove Acidity, and give instant relief even in chronic cases of Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, etc. Thousands of sufferers testify that they have derived the greatest benefit from their use even when all other remedies proved of no avail.

TESTIMONY.—"I have much pleasure in stating that in my opinion the Absorbent Lozenges are an inestimable boon to anyone troubled with Acidity of the Stomach. The day I received your sample box I had a most virulent attack, but one lozenge removed the disagreeable symptoms in a few minutes. Such a remedy cannot be too widely known, and if this testimony of mine is of any use in that way, kindly make use of it."

Boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., of all chemists.

A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. for postage and mentioning "The Daily Mirror," to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-st., London.

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¼lb for
4½

WHY YOU
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ENJOY
LIPTONS
COCOA
BECAUSE—

The Quality is absolutely guaranteed. It possesses a delicious and distinctive flavour, which fully satisfies the palate.

As a food beverage it is most nutritious and sustaining.

The price is only 4½d. per ¼lb. tin, half the usual charge for BEST COCOA.

A FREE GIFT
THIS PRESENTATION BOX
of Finest Quality CHOCOLATES is
GIVEN FREE

In Exchange for the complete Whites and Gold Labels taken from

2½ ¼lb. Tins of Lipton's Cocoa.
12 ¼lb. Tins of Lipton's Cocoa.
6 ¼lb. Tins of Lipton's Cocoa.

The Labels can be exchanged at any of our Branches.



DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA

is the best remedy for

ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT
and INDIGESTION.

Safest and most effective Aperient for Regular Use.



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Dunlop, Warwick and Cambridge tyres are made by the Dunlop Rubber Co., the firm with unique manufacturing experience. All roadster patterns are fully guaranteed as follows:—

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NOTE.—Tyres from which our private marks have been removed are not guaranteed.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI, Strand. **TONIGHT**, at 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Musical Production, **THE GIRL FROM UTAH**. Matinee, Every Sat., at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tels. 2645 and 6886 Ger.

ALDWYCH—**THE EVER OPEN DOOR**. Evenings, at 8. Matinee, Wednesdays, 2.30.

AMBASSADOR'S. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. **TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA, ANNA KARENINA**. Matinee, Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Repeat 2890, 4938.)

APOLLO. At 8.50, CHARLES HAWTREY in **NEVER SAY DIE**, by W. H. Post. At 8.20, "The Quod Wriggle." Mat. (both plays), Sat., at 2.20.

COMEDY. **THE TYRANNY OF TEARS**. LAST 4 PERFORMANCES. **TONIGHT**, at 8.30. Last Mat., Sat., at 2.30.

DALY'S THEATRE. **TONIGHT**, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, **THE MARRIAGE MARKET**. Matinee, Wednesdays, at 2.30.

DRURY LANE. **SEALED ORDERS**. By Messrs. Raleigh and Hamilton. **TONIGHT**, 7.45. Fairy Branch, Kenneth Douglas, C. M. Hallard. Box-office, Tels. 2588 Ger. Matinee, Weds., at 2.

DUKE OF YORK'S. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Charles Frohman presents **THE LAND OF PROMISE**, by W. S. Maugham. **WAXMINSTER** TO-DAY AND EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.30.

GAIETY. **TONIGHT**, at 8.15, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production, **AFTER THE GIRL**. Matinee Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.

GARRICK. At 8.45, Louis Meyer presents **WHOS THE LADY**. At 8.15 (Mats. 2.15), "The Quod Wriggle." Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.45.

GLOBE. **TONIGHT**, at 8, OSCAR ASCHIE and LILY BRAYTON in **KISMET**, by Edward Knoblauch. Matinee, Weds. and SATS., at 2.15.

HAYMARKET. **WITHIN THE LAW**. To-day, 3 and 8. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. 2.30, 8.30, "A Dear Little Wife." Mat. Weds., Thurs., SATS.

HIS MAJESTY'S. **TONIGHT**, at 8.15. **THE DARLING OF THE GODS** (Last Two Weeks). HERBERT TREE'S **LILIE LOHN**. Matinee, Weds. and SATS., at 2.15. Tels. 477.

KINGSWAY. **THE GREAT ADVENTURE**, by Arnold Bennett. 8.20. Mats., Weds., SATS., 2.30.

LITTLE THEATRE, John-st., Strand.—At 9, KENNEL FOSSE produced by G. K. CHESTERTON. At 8.30, "The Music Cure," by BERN. AND SHAW. Mat. Weds., SATS., 2.30. (LAST WEEKS.)

LYCEUM. **YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU**. NIGHTLY, 7.45. Mats. WED and SAT. 2.30. New Drama, by Percy Gordon Holmes. Produced by Walter and Fred. Mobbs. Prices, 6d. to 5s. General Box, SATS.

NEW. At 8.15, **THE JOY RIDE LADY**. Music by JEAN GILBERT. MATS., SATS., at 2.30.

PRESENTATIONS.—At 9, Miss MARIE TEM. presents **THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY**. At 8.30, Mr. Warwick Price. Mat. Weds. and SATS., 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES. **TONIGHT**, at 8.45. **BROADWAY JONES**, by George N. Cohan. Preceded at 8 by "The Mock and the Mad." Matinee, Wednesdays and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

PRINCES. **NIGHTLY**, at 8. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30. **WALTER HOWARD'S** New Romantic Play **THE STORY OF THE ROSARY**. Prices, 6d. to 5s. 5885 Ger.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. Gaston Mayer presents a Great New Actor in a Great New Play, **WALKER WHITEHEAD** in **THE MELTING POT**, by Israel Zangwill. Evenings, 8.15. Mat., Weds. and SATS., 2.30. Gerr. 9437.

ROYALTY.—3, 8.50, "PEGGY AND HER HUSBAND." 2.30, 8.15, "Acid Drops." DENNIS RADIE, GLADYS COOPER. Mats., Thurs., SATS., 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. **THE TWO VIRTUES**, by ALFRED SUTRO. **TONIGHT**, at 8. GEORGE ALEXANDER. **MARTHA HEDMAN**. At 8.30, "A Social Success." Mat., Weds., SATS., 2.30.

SAVOY. **TONIGHT**, at 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. **THE PEARL GIRL**. **TONIGHT**, at 8. MAT., WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

SIRAND. **TONIGHT**, at 9, Louis Meyer presents MR. W.C. A New Anglo-Chinese Play, **MATHESON LANG**. LILLIAN BRATHWAITE. 8.50. **THE ENTERTAINERS**. Mats., Weds., SATS., 2.15.

VAUDRIVILLE. R. Sargent. **TONIGHT**, at 9. **HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND**, by Richard Pryce. From Arnold Bennett's Novel. At 8.15, "The Rest Cure." by E. J. Young. Mat., Weds. and SATS., 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S. **TONIGHT**, at 8, **DIPLOMACY**, by Victorien Sardou. MATS., WEDS., SATS., at 2.

ALHAMBRA. **KEEP SMILING**. Revue, MAIN STAIRCASE. Varieties, 8.15. Revue, 8.55. Matinee, Weds. and SATS., 2.15. Reduced prices.

HIPPODROME.—Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. "HULLO TANGO!" Ethel Levey, Shirley Kellner, Harry T. Jones, John Gerrard, Morris Harvey, etc. etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 650 Ger.

PALACE.—WILKIE BARD, EVIE GREENE. BARCLAY GAMMON, VERNON WATSON, GENERAL LA VINE. Mats., Weds. and SATS., at 2.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.10. MON. WED. and SAT. 2.30, 6.10 and 9.10. BARCLAY GAMMON, RUTH VINCENT, HETTY KING, ERNIE LOTINGA, PHIL RAY, POLLY RAMESES, SAMMY SHIELDS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Motor Museum Now Open. Music, Cinema, Skating (3 Sessions), Rink Hockey 8.30. Theatre, Turner's Grand Opera Co., "TANN HAUSER." 7.45. Return fare and Palace admission, 1s. 6d.

MASKELINE & DEVAUNT'S MYSTERIES. **THE ENTERTAINMENT FOR EVERYBODY**. Seats 1s. to 5s. Phone, 1545 Mayfair.

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WONDERFUL AIR RACING AT HENDON. Every Sat. aft. To-day, Thurs., Mar. 19, Despatch Benefit Meeting, at 5.30. Loops by Hamel and Hucks and 20 mile speed contest. Sat. next, Mar. 21, "Aero Show" Speed Contest. Admiss. 6d., 1s., 2s., 6d.

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS. **BUNGALARS** and Tramps.—Maj. Richardson's Police dogs at supplied police, are best preventives against pups. Agns.—Maj. Richardson, Grovedale, Harrow. Tel. 423.

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DIABETES.—Doctors recommend Chelton's Drops; inexpensive; list; samples free.—Chelton Co., Cheltenham.

RINK Habit Cured secretly, certain, cheap, trial free, privately.—Fleet Drug 211 Co., 6, Dorset-st., E.C.

H your nerves by overwork or worry, or you feel weak, worn out, or faded, write for my free booklet on "Nervous Breakdown." If you feel mentally upset, depressed, or suffer from neurasthenia, it will teach you more in five minutes than you will gain in years by experience.—Address: Charles Gordon (Dept. M.), 60, Great Russell-st., Bradford, Yorks.

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The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/4 size.

PERSONAL.

M. D. H.—How many years have passed, dear? 18 "Deon Friend" "I—"M." Tottenham. CHILD-H.—Sending self continually. Lovely notes Dear. SPRINGWELL RD., Heston Hounslow.—Eyes improving. Never out. BILLIKEN longing cherish comfort you. Crossing directly at travel. Release great pain. North address.—Wally. OLGA—"All happy families resemble one another, but every unhappy family is unhappy in its own particular way." Go and see "Anna Karenina" at the Ambassador's Theatre. It will give you something to think about.—Nadia.

* * * The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 4d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 6d. per word (minimum 3 words). Address: Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Boulevard London.

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BACON.—Reduce Cost of Living; get Miller's Bacon direct from factory, Broadmead, Bristol; get Miller's Bacon (weight unsmoked, 9d.; smoked, 9d.; rail paid; quality perfection); Illustrated list free; Government Contractors. LINSTOCK Bacon, in sides or half-sides, 9d. per lb.; unsmoked sides, 9d. per lb.; smoked shoulders, 7d. per lb.—Write for illustrated list, post free. The Longfield Bacon Factory, Trowbridge, Wilt. FISH.—Prime quality.—Nobly assorted, 6lb., 2s. 3d.; 9lb., 2s. 9d.; 11lb., 3s. 3d.; 14lb., 3s. 9d.; 21lb., 5s. 6d.; carriages packed, dressed for cooking; list and particulars post free.—General Fish Supply Co., Grimsby. FRESH Fish.—6lb., 2s. 3d.; 9lb., 2s. 9d.; 11lb., 3s. 3d.; carriage paid, cleaned for cooking; particulars of Chichester Selections Fresh and Cured Fish free.—Star Fish Co., Dept. Nedia. (GAME) Gamell's Game!!—2 Chickens and 2 Partridges, 3s. 6d.; Wild Duck, 4s. 6d.; brace; 4 Partridges, 4s. 3d.; 4 Fat Teal, 4s. 3d.; 3 Spring Chickens, 5s. 3d.; 3 larger size, 6s.; 3 Hazel Hens, 3s. 9d.; 3 White Geese, 3s. 9d.; 2 Blackgame, 4s.; all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—Frost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware-rd., London, W.

Egyptian Play Which Is to Mould Women's Fashions: Pictures.

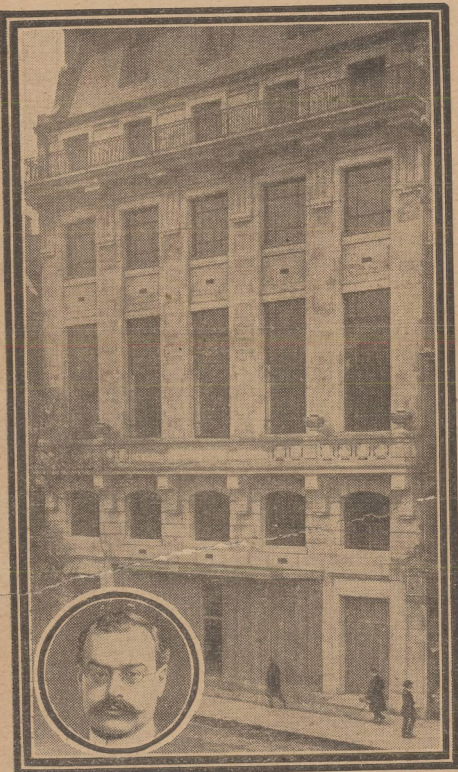
THE MOST POPULAR ANNUAL IS "DAILY MIRROR REFLECTIONS" BY W. K. HASelden. 6d.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

WIDOW WHO WAS CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING IN A WILL DISPUTE: PICTURES.

THE KING AND THE BLIND.



The London premises of the National Institute of the Blind, which the King opens to-day. In circle, Mr. C. A. Pearson, to whom the institute owes so much.

'BUTCHER APRON' GOWN



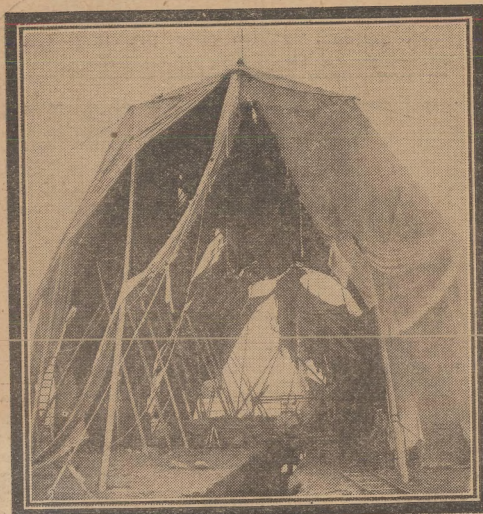
This dress has a skirt and a tunic resembling the butcher's apron. "Jacob's coat" can be well applied to modern gowns!

A "SEALED ORDERS" BABY.



Miss Marjorie Chard, the actress, with her baby boy, John. Her husband, Mr. Langhorne Burton, plays a principal part in "Sealed Orders" at Drury Lane.

GALE WRECKS AIRSHIP SHED.



What Mr. Willows's airship shed at Hendon looked like yesterday, after being wrecked by the gale. It will have to be completely rebuilt. To save his airship, Mr. Willows was compelled to rip open the envelope.

GRAND NATIONAL FAVOURITE LOSES AT NEWBURY.



Everyone at Newbury yesterday wanted to see Mr. C. Bower Ismay's Jacobus, who, with Covertcoat, is co-favourite for the Grand National. He was entered for the chief event of the day, the Newbury Steeplechase Cup, but failed to win, running second to Ben-a-Beg. The picture shows him (marked with a cross) at the last jump in the race. —(Daily Mirror photograph.)